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LONG AGO.

BY RITA.

Oh! those days of long ago,
How I love to linger o'er them,
Sweetly through their channels flow,
Carrying memory swift before them.
Days of old, how much of gladness
Filled my heart in that dear time,
Never thought or fear of sadness
In thy happy, happy clime.

Still as then the river glides,
Peaceful river, calmly flowing,
From its gently rippling side,
Life on every hand bestowing.
Forest glades and valleys teeming,
Waking thoughts to higher birth,
Golden sunsets sweetly gleaming,
In a soft good-night to earth.

Long ago! how sweet the pause!
'Mid the busy scenes around me,
Dearer far to me because
Of the cares which now have bound me.
All the friends of earth may perish,
Loved ones towards me cold may grow,
But my heart one thought will cherish—
'Tis the days of long ago.

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

IT seemed to me quite natural that he should take my affairs in hand, and I did not attempt to argue with him as to the advisability of leaving the square.

To tell the truth, I was more concerned at the moment as to what he would think of my new bonnet and gloves.

We went to the publisher.

His manner was more deferential to John Brown than it had been when I was alone (I have observed that John Brown's presence obtains respect from every one; even the rude men in the street, who would push me off the pavement if I did not make way for them, got out of his way, wisely, no doubt, for very few could have pushed him an inch from his path); but he said he must beg to decline the work so kindly placed at his disposal; it was not precisely in his way.

John Brown waited long enough for him to finish the sentence; but, as he only made a little gesture and smiled very blandly, John Brown said—

"Not precisely what, sir."

"Not precisely in my way," replied the publisher, looking very ill at ease.

"Why did you not say so when it was offered you?"

"Oh, I do occasionally publish works of this kind, and, had it been by a well known writer, or strikingly original in design and execution, I might have ventured to produce it! But even under this condition the risk would have been enormous."

"Would you publish it if you were secured against loss?"

"Not without a distinct understanding that I should be held free from moral as well as substantial responsibility for its failure."

John Brown turned to me and raised his eyebrows.

"Papa made a mistake," I said.

"Undoubtedly," said the publisher. "There is no class of intelligent men so prone to make mistakes from a business point of view as literary men.

"I say nothing whatever to disparage the dictionary: the author may be as correct as Euclid and as talented as Buckle, but he did wrong to devote his attention to such a work as this.

"He is not alone in this. I could take you to the British Museum and point out a dozen men of undoubted ability and acknowledged learning who are literally starving because they will use their brains to a wrong purpose."

"From a business point of view," said John Brown curtly. "Be good enough, if you please, to have these packets brought out to my cab."

It seemed as if nothing could dishearten me now, and, as soon as we were in the cab and moving, I forgot the pang of regret I had felt for my dear father's wasted life.

As for the failure of the book so far as it concerned my prospects, that did not distress me in the least.

John Brown seemed much more happy than I.

"Shall we try another publisher, Gertie?" he asked.

"No," I said; "we have tried the best. It would be only a waste of time and a source of little worries and disappointments if we went to all the rest, one after the other. W. Z. was quite right perhaps."

"What shall you do?" he asked very gloomily.

"I think I could teach children, if they were not too clever."

"I don't think I care greatly for that suggestion. Try another."

"I fancy I might learn to be a good nurse in time. There are a great many hospitals, aren't there?"

"Oh, lots!"

"If I hadn't to look at any very dreadful operations——"

"Try again, Gertie."

I thought for a few minutes, and then I said—

"What do you think of my going into a bar?"

He turned his head and looked at me in blank astonishment. Then—

"Good heavens!" said he. "What put that notion into your head?"

"Kitty Burnes was in a bar, and Miss Drelincourt says I am just like her."

"Miss Drelincourt made a very great mistake. You're not at all like Kitty Burnes, and never can be, thank Heaven! You behind a bar!" he exclaimed; and then he burst out into a loud laugh.

After that I dared not suggest going into a milliner's, because that had been Miss Drelincourt's business; but I hinted that I could use a needle well.

"I suppose the best thing, after all, will be governessing," said he; "but you'll find it a horrid kind of life, Gertie."

"You don't think I expect to be always happy as I am now?"

"The majority of girls think that's all they are born for."

"Ah, they are young ladies," said I.

"Yes, that's just what they are—young ladies," he said bitterly; and then I recollected his repugnance.

"And you think you would like to teach children as well as anything?"

"Better than anything else," I then replied.

"Then we will take the first steps at once."

He thrust up the little trap-door in the top of the cab and said "Printing-House Square" to the driver, who turned his horse round and drive in a different direction.

When the cab stopped again, John Brown got out, and, after being absent for about five minutes, he came back and told me that the next morning the world would know that I wished to be a governess, explaining to me that he had put an advertisement in the *Times*.

"Lombard Street," he said to the driver; and away we went again.

At Lombard Street he went into a bank and stopped for nearly ten minutes.

As he came from the bank to the cab, he was followed and overtaken by a little stout gentleman with a shaven fat red face and very stiff shirt-collar.

They spoke a few words, shook hands, and separated.

After luncheon we went out for a walk, the afternoon being beautifully fine and bright, and looked at the shops, which was a very great pleasure to me, but must have been rather tedious to him, though he showed me no signs of impatience, and actually made me stop to look at some bonnets, which could not possibly be of any interest to him.

But in little things, just as much as in great, he was generously considerate of my happiness, I found.

Then we entered a picture-gallery, which opened a new field of wonder and delight to my mind; and I thought I could stay there for ever and talk with John Brown about the beautiful things we saw without growing tired; but I found that my head ached by the time we left to go to dinner.

I said nothing about it.

His quick eye detected what I wished to conceal.

"You are tired, Gertie," said he. "Do you want to see your beloved fields and breathe the pure air again?"

"I want nothing," I said.

"Nothing?"

I shook my head.

I was not forgetful of the friends I loved at Neufbourg; yet I thought how wretched I should feel to be transported to that still village and begin again the old life, with its dull routine of little duties, its irritating jealousies, its petty prejudices and purposeless existence.

"Nevertheless I think we shall spend tomorrow among the water-lilies."

To be in the country with John Brown—that was another thing.

I started from my chair—we were dining in the private room—and clasped my hands with delight. He saw how pleased I was and smiled.

"Come here, Gertie," he said, in a tone of fervent tenderness.

I put my napkin on the table, and went round to his side, wondering what he wanted me for.

But his manner changed suddenly, and, pushing back his chair, he rose, turned his back upon me, and looked toward the open window.

"Fetch my pipe, Gertie—it's on the chimney-piece, I think," he said, almost harshly.

We went out on the balcony, he smoking his pipe, and we looked down and watched the people flowing in an endless stream along the street below, and gradually we came to talk in our usual unconstrained way about what we saw.

But it was a long while before I ceased to wonder what had passed in his mind while I was in the course of going to his side, and why he wished me to go to him, and then why his tone so suddenly changed. Even now I cannot understand it.

A waiter came while we were on the balcony to know if he should light the gas.

"Yes," said John Brown. "And now, Gertie, as you had better be up and dressed by eight to-morrow morning, go to bed now."

"Are we going into the country?" I asked with some hesitation.

"Yes; there'll be no answer to the advertisement to-morrow. After that there is no knowing what may happen; the holiday will be ended, and your troubles taking a new departure perhaps. Good night."

He gave me his hand without changing his attitude, and kept his pipe, the only thing he has which I dislike, between the teeth.

I suppose it was the aching of my head that depressed me; but certainly I felt sad and disappointed as I went to my room.

Yesterday we went to Pangbourne, a little village on the Thames, where the river is more lovely than anything at Neufbourg, or between there and Nosilles.

We had luncheon at a lovely little inn, quite unlike the dirty *auberges* in Normandy, where you must eat at a table without a cloth, and with your own pocket-knife.

Everything was clean and fresh and quaint, and through the open window we could look at the river bordered by beautiful trees that hung right over the water, and see the ducks swimming among the rushes and the boats lying all ready for us to choose from, and the leaves of the convolvulus trained up the window, which swayed gently in the soft air that just tempered the heat of the blazing sun.

Oh, it was beautiful indeed!

And there was a lovely currant-and-raspberry pie, which made me feel that, with all my quickness at cookery, I had a great deal to learn yet, for nothing I have ever made or eaten in France could at all compare with that pie.

If I told all that happened during the day, I should not finish writing to-day, nor to-morrow either.

We had the prettiest little boat I could find—for John Brown left the choice to me—but not the smallest, for I feared that John Brown's great weight would surely sink it; and I was told how to steer by pulling the ropes attached to the rudder; but I could not think of them for two minutes together for every stroke of the oars brought some new beauty of the river into sight, and I could think of that only.

If John Brown had not been accustomed to ships, I fancy we should have been run ashore very often; but he kept the boat straight despite me, and could do just whatever he wished to do.

I found some most beautiful large white water-lilies, and it seemed a shame to pull them up out of the water that they made to look so lovely; but I took some all the same.

And then I rowed.

At first I made a dreadful business of it; but, after a while, under John Brown's guidance, I got to row without hurting my knuckles, and the banks ceased to go the wrong way—a little.

We were very happy and gay.

While I was rowing, John Brown, who sat in the back seat and could look up the river, exclaimed suddenly—

"Oh, confound it!"—and then, pulling his jacket, which hung on the back of the seat, over his head, as if to shield his face from the sun, he said, he said, "Pull away steadily, Gertie—a little harder with your right."

The next minute a long narrow boat shot past, rowed by three ladies and three gentlemen, and steered by a fourth gentleman.

The ladies were dressed in white flannel, with blue trimmings and straw hats.

They looked very hard at me, and the gentleman steering turned round when they had passed.

"Let me know when they're out of sight" said John Brown.

It was clear that he knew the people, and I think that the gentleman had recognised him, and that all suspected who he was.

This made me feel very uncomfortable for a time, thinking that John Brown was ashamed of me in my poor black frock; but I think that I did him wrong to suspect that, and that it was only his strange horror of young ladies which made him anxious to escape observation.

We went as far as a village called Streatly and, after resting there some time we returned.

I rowed the whole distance, having got accustomed to the use of the oars, liking the exercise extremely.

It was much easier going down moreover

as there was no disagreeable current to twist the boat in among the reeds and catch hold of the oar when one did not expect anything of the kind.

The sun was setting as we reached Pangbourne.

The air was clear and still, and a delicious mellow light softened the view.

High up in the air swallows were skimming with sharp cries; a few swept swiftly over the water, touching it with their breasts fluttering upwards and away; gnats gave promise of a fine day on the morrow; the ducks were still busy amongst the reeds; there was a sound of falling water that came from the weir.

There was a smell of wild-thyme and new hay—there was something to delight every sense.

I slept in a sweet little chamber, with a low ceiling and a latticed window that looked out towards the mill.

In the morning, quite early, I was awakened by the swallows.

They had a row of nests built under the eaves, and from each a little black head peeped out through the hole in the side; and there was a great deal of noise when the parent with a sharp cry cry swept up to the hungry family within, and then darted off again for a fresh supply.

The river looked very soft and gray, with a thin veil of mist spread over the water.

No one was moving, and I was wondering whether I should dress, when a church struck four.

I crept into bed and fell asleep.

When I woke again, the sun was shining through the window; and now, as I peeped out of the window, I found that the mist was gone, and everything stood out sharp and clear and particularly bright and happy-looking.

The swallows were still very busy.

There were saw-yards at work near—I could hear the long sweep of the saw through the timber.

A man was mopping out the boat we had used the day before, while the ducks foraged round and about for the morsels of biscuit I had let fall in the boat.

I wanted to get dressed, yet I could not get away from the window until I caught sight of John Brown coming down the hill with great strides.

Then I felt ashamed of my laziness, and lost not another moment in dressing.

I went down into the room below, where the snowy white table-cloth was spread and the breakfast-things were laid out—large cups and saucers of homely earthenware, and forks with steel prongs, but all very bright and clean, and a big brown loaf that made me hungry to look at it.

The window was open, and a wholesome fresh breeze wafted the hanging foliage of the convolvulus and one or two great purple blooms, just opened, to and fro.

The good-looking fresh-colored old landlord came and asked me if I would have the bacon cooked, and I said "Yes, by all means," thinking of my own hunger rather than of John Brown's convenience—as I told him afterwards.

I leaned on the sill of the open window and looked at the lovely river covered with a ripple that set the boats dancing gaily; and, while I leaned there, with an inexpressible feeling of gratitude and happiness in my heart, John Brown came up on the outside with a pleasant smile on his handsome open face.

His head came only as high as the window sill, and he had to look up at me as he said good morning.

He looked handsomer than ever that day I thought; and I would have given the world to put my arms round his neck and kiss him as I used to kiss my dear good father.

"If you were only my sister!" he said softly, still holding my hand.

"And if you were only my brother!" I thought; but I dared not say so.

And my face flushed and my heart beat fast, and a number of thoughts rushed into my head which made it giddy.

Why should there be constraint between us just because we happened not to be of one mother?

I thought.

Why, if I love him like the dearest brother and he loves me like a sister—why should we not say so and kiss?

That seemed so natural at the moment; yet the very thought of his kissing my lips made me tremble so that I knew it must somehow be wrong.

He put his lips to my hand and let it go, turning his head away and looking up the shining river in silence.

Just then the landlord bustled into the room and set down a tray; and as I turned, I smelt a delightful smell of coffee and toasted bacon that diverted my thoughts in a new direction.

"Oh, come in quick!" I said to John Brown. "The breakfast is served; and I am so hungry!"

I think I ate almost as much as he—which is saying a great deal for my appetite—and there was no further constraint between us, but we laughed and talked as much as eating and drinking would allow, he telling me of what he had seen in his walk, and I describing to him the ways of the never-tiring swallows.

After breakfast we took the boat and rowed down to a place called, I think, Maple Durham, where some artists, with white umbrellas over them, were painting. And I do not wonder that they chose that spot, for, it was so extremely beautiful.

After an early dinner at Pangbourne, we bade the dear little village of Pangbourne good-bye, and took the next train to London.

John Brown thought I should be grieved to go back to London; but I was not, for it seemed to me that wherever I went with him I must be happy—the happiness differing only in kind.

Nevertheless I was sad before the day was over.

At the hotel a letter was given to me.

This is a copy of it—

"Gauntly House, Camden Square, N."—printed in gold letters.

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower"—written in a very scratchy angular large hand, about three words in a line—"having seen Miss Graham's advertisement in this morning's *Times*, will be pleased to see her at the above address with regard to instructing her children in the French language *et-cetera*, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock to-morrow or the day following.

"July 1st, 188-."

I handed the note to John Brown in silence, my heart sinking at the thought of separating from him, which was of course unreasonable and wrong; but I could not help it.

"If the mamma can take some lessons in English from you amongst the *et-cetera*, it won't be amiss," he said, throwing the note upon the table.

"Well, Gertie, you'd better go to-morrow and see if you like the engagement; but don't let the old woman impose upon you. I know what she means by *et-cetera*—doing work that she ought to employ some one else to do.

"Ask her what she means by that *et-cetera*; and let her know that, if you accept the post of governess, you will do only that which a governess does. And don't let her know anything about your private affairs.

"There are no bounds to the curiosity of that woman—of a woman, that is, who writes in such a style as that. She'll ask a hundred thousand questions, and never stop until she has turned you inside out, or is quietly snubbed."

"What can she ask me?"

"Oh," he replied, with an uneasy impatient air, "I dare say she'll want to know what you have been doing since you came to London—how you came, whom you know, and all the rest of it!"

"That's natural," said I; "and I don't see why I should not tell her."

"She'll insult you if you do, and refuse to take you as well."

"Why?" I asked in astonishment. "I have done nothing wrong."

"Of course not; but perhaps I have. In the opinion of the little world you propose to enter, it is highly improper for a young woman to receive any sort of help from a man."

"I know it is thought so in Neufbourg; but papa always laughed at those restrictions, and said that they did not exist in England."

"I don't think your father knew much about modern society in London. I don't care to talk about these things to you; they make me sick. I should like you to be forever as innocent and ignorant as you are now."

"My ignorance makes me feel very helpless. What shall I say to this lady? I can't tell lies—you wouldn't have me do that?"

"I would rather your lips were silent for ever than guilty of falsehood!" he exclaimed passionately; then, with impatience, turning aside—"I told you I should do you no good! Look here, Gertie—there's no need to mention my name at all. Tell her as much as you like about the dictionary and your failure in selling it. Say that you have been staying at this hotel, and that, if she desires further particulars respecting your career, the most satisfactory means will be to write to the Cure of Neufbourg and Madame Piquois for particulars. And then you can draw yourself up at full stop, and decline to say anything more on the subject."

With that he sauntered to the window, and I went up to my room to take off my bonnet and things.

I made haste to rejoin John Brown; for, in the first place realizing that in all probability we must soon separate, I begrudged every moment that was spent away from him; and, next, I felt that, if I gave myself time to think of that parting, I should cry, which was what I wished with all my heart to avoid, fearing that he would misunderstand me and attribute my grief to the discovery that his friendship had compromised me in the opinion of society.

Just as much I feared that he should understand me, and see that I was like a child over-excited with pleasure, and broken-hearted to think that happiness cannot exist for ever.

I tried my utmost to be gay and light-hearted that evening.

We sat near the window that opened upon the balcony.

The lamp, deeply shaded, cast a circle of light which did not reach us; the reflection from the street was sufficient to show me his face.

A little table was between us, on which our coffee-cups stood.

He smoked and I talked.

He was thoughtful and silent.

It is quite likely my perpetual chatter about little things wearied him; but I talked with a kind of desperation—just as, when the clouds are heavy, the wind seems to be trying its utmost to prevent the rain from falling.

The shops on the opposite side of the way shut up.

The throng of vehicles diminished; and it grew so quiet that we heard Big Ben strike the hour.

"Time to say good night, Gertie," he said.

I rose, fearing I know not what, and held out my hand to him. He took it, and, holding it tenderly, said—

"You will go to-morrow and see about the engagement?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you will take up your residence in Camden Square at once—in a week or ten days, say—if you accept?"

I nodded my head.

I could not speak now.

My courage was all gone.

"You will be quite safe here. I shall speak to the manageress and see that you are not neglected."

"Are you going away—soon?" I asked, my voice sounding strange to my own ear.

"To-night. If you fail to get that place, or if you feel in need of help, send me a few words by telegraph—'John Brown, Marine Hotel, Dover' will find me. But you are going to be a brave girl, Gertie, and carry out your idea of being independent—eh?"—I had dropped my eyes from his face, and a tear was trickling down my cheek.

"Otherwise I shall believe more firmly than ever that I bring evil to those whom I most desire to see happy."

"I will be brave," I said, gulping down a sob. "And, oh, please don't think that anything but happiness and good will come by your seeing me sometimes!"

"That's what I want to think; so good night."

I turned away, saying "Good-bye," but my voice was barely audible; and, as I walked from him to the door, the recollection of all his kindness from the first day of our meeting passed in a flash of thought through my mind; and then I felt what trouble would have befallen me but for his help, and how terrible this beautiful city would have been without him.

Thereat my conscience reproached me with ingratitude, for I had parted without giving him even a word of acknowledgement.

I could not bear to think of his going away and leaving me with all that debt unpaid, I turned about that very moment and ran back to where he stood, meaning to say something suitable.

When I was before him, I could find never a word to say, but stood there looking up into his face like dumb creatures that can do no more than to express the love they feel for their masters.

Suddenly every consideration broke down before the resistless rush of my heart's desires, and I flung my arms around his neck and held up my mouth to be kissed.

And he kissed my lips twice, and then, having gently disengaged my arms, led me by the hand to the door, and bade me "Good night" for the second time.

And I went up to my room in the dark, and cried there as if my heart would break—with too much joy.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

I KNOW now that I am a woman; I only thought so before, when in reality I was still a child.

I love!

Oh, I could write those words a hundred times, and yet feel pride and delight in repeating them!

Love must be the beginning of womanhood—indeed I think it is the true beginning of life, for hitherto I have seemed to exist without purpose, a very unnecessary young person, the source of much anxiety to my father, and of so little to the rest of the world that my best friend would have mourned my death but little more than the loss of a pet bird.

I knew nothing of love, except a very vague notion I had got by reading good books.

A blind girl might get just as true an idea of stars and the young moon by the mere description of them.

Girls older than I never talk of love before their marriage—and very little afterwards—in Neufbourg.

Clara Chenoux saw her Monsieur Pitou only three times before she became his wife; and I know she never felt for one instant towards him as I do towards John Brown, or else she would not have wished that he looked less like a weaver and more like a *bourgeois*.

I think, if John Brown had any defect, I should like him the better for it.

It seemed to me that love was like chivalry, a beautiful sentiment of past times, greatly exaggerated by poets of the present.

Men and women never did anything generous for love at Neufbourg.

There is nothing noble in patching blouses, and that is the best the women did for their husbands; and it is not generous to give a wife just as many sous as will buy the necessary things at market; but the best of husbands gave her no more and, if she had not cheated him, she would never have had money to buy anything at a bargain when he offered.

I suppose I should have fallen in love at Neufbourg if there had been any one there really worth loving, for I am sure no one was ever more inclined that way than I.

No story was ever perfect, in my opinion unless there was a great deal about love in it; and I liked or disliked heroines in proportion as their conduct approached what I thought I should have done under the same conditions.

I was a mistress of the theory of love, but I regarded it only as a theory.

But now all that is changed, and that which was but romance is now reality.

I love!

I know that love is not a mere dream, but a beautiful passion that inspires one with the ambition to be in the highest degree good, and the resolution to do right always, and the courage to suffer, if need be.

I am sure that men and women may become heroic through love; for even I, though but an ordinary girl, feel that there is no danger I would shrink from to serve him I love, nothing in the world I would not give up for his sake.

It was when our lips met that I first noticed the nature of my love for him.

I mistook the feeling which made me return to him—it was more than gratitude; that was why I was dumb, there being no words that could ever express how I felt.

In the morning I had fancied I should like of all things to be his brother, or a man, that I might be his comrade and friend; but at night I saw how poor an exchange I should have made for my womanhood and its dearest ties.

I think he must have perceived that I loved him before I knew it myself.

That is very likely; it explains his sudden departure.

He has always been so thought of my happiness that he would not have left me at this moment had he not seen that it was for my welfare he should go.

He said to himself perhaps—

"This friendless child has fallen in love with me because I have been kind to her and am better than the peasants she has known.

"She will forget me as soon as I am out of sight and she sees other cultivated men. A love that springs into existence and attains its growth so quickly cannot endure; it is like the ephemera whose little life begins and ends with the sunshine of a day; let it finish so."

He told me that, if I needed him, I was to send a telegram to Dover.

That shows that he has not any voyage to make in his ship.

And why should he stay in Dover rather than in London?

To spare me pain, as he thinks—that is why.

The more I loved him, the more dreadful it would be to part from him, and of course we should have to part, unless we married.

He has thought about that, I dare say, and perhaps he would not marry me on any consideration; certainly not, knowing so little as he does of my character and disposition.

He does not know that I shall love him for ever and ever.

He does not know whether I am a simpleton or an over-clever person.

It is clear that he dislikes both characters.

He seems to hate society.

He may think that it will please me, and that I could not be happy to live in the only way which pleases him.

He cannot know with any feeling of certainty whether I have patience, or fidelity or truth, or any of the virtues that are necessary to make a good wife.

Perhaps he has no wish to marry anybody, but prefers to live a bachelor, and go sailing about carelessly in his ship, without any of those anxieties which one must feel who has a wife and loves her.

Yet I feel sure he loves me; for his kind eyes seemed to reflect just the feelings that were in my heart when I looked into them; and when I kissed him he was not irritated but kissed me again.

Without love, could he be so considerate for my happiness?

Would he not be careless or indifferent?

Oh, I am sure he loves me!

And, if he sees that I am not very silly, and that I am doing all I can to be reasonable and good, and that my love for him only grows with time, can he cease to love me?

Then, again, if he continues to love me, is it not fair to suppose that he will desire to have me with him always?

I do not think I am reasonable or carried away by impulse in thinking this; and whatever arguments I can find against my hope I have considered fairly, yet still my hope exists and swells my heart with joy.

I have been thinking what I may do to be wiser and worthier of his love.

I certainly shall not attempt to learn the piano, though I have had a great wish to do so, and it has seemed to me that music, even such as an untalented girl may with patience learn to play, would be very pleasant as a resource when other amusements fail; nor do I think I shall try to paint pictures, because I have no natural talent for that art, and, unless one can paint very well indeed, it is but a selfish source of pleasure; but I shall set myself to learn German or Italian, so that, if ever the day comes when we go abroad together, he shall not be forced to regret my ignorance.

It has just occurred to me that this is a very odd way of keeping a diary.

In all that I have written to-night there is not one line of what have been doing during the day: but indeed the events of the day seem so important beside the first event of my life that I find it difficult to fix my thoughts upon them for five minutes at a time.

After luncheon, I sent for a cab to take me to Camden Square.

The manageress asked me if I would have "a young person" to go with me; but I declined, for I never felt more light-hearted and courageous, and had I only known my way, I would have walked to Mrs. Gower's house just to prove to myself that

I was no longer the helpless little simpleton I had been.

No, I was no longer a child; and with that thought, as I leaned back in the cab, a cloud of warm and radiant fancies of the most volatile and gassy kind came into my mind, of which all I have written that is most hopeful and brightest is, as it were, but the cold distillation.

The rapid drive helped to exhilarate me and make my brain giddy.

I am rather ashamed now to think how confident and self-important I felt as I threw back the rattling doors and stepped on to the pavement.

I think I told the driver in a very haughty tone of voice to wait for me; I am sure that I was gratified by the silent respect with he touched his hat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In The Sunbeams.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

GEORGE WENTWORTH had been raised into the seventh heaven of beatitude by the pressure of a pair of red lips and a scarcely audible "yes."

After the happy event, himself and Cora enjoyed a year of as perfect felicity as is generally vouchsafed the newly-married.

The first cloud that appeared on their horizon came in the shape of a letter.

Cora received it from her husband's hand with a puzzled look, for the superscription was evidently in a masculine hand.

"I wonder who it can be from?" she mused, turning it over and over.

"What easier way of finding out than opening it?" laughed her husband, passing out into the hall to leave his hat.

As he re-entered the room, she put the letter into her pocket.

"It is from Cousin Stella—she must have had some friend direct the envelope. Shall I play for you? I have been learning a new piece."

He accompanied her to the piano:

She somehow felt disappointed that she did not, as was her wont, nestle down beside him on the sofa and read the silent points of the letter for his edification.

Then, too, he could not but notice the slight flush that rose to her cheek, and seemed to indicate that the singing was a mere shift to cover her confusion.

It was the first shadow that had dimmed the sunshine of perfect confidence that existed between them, and his mind reverted to it repeatedly during the evening.

The next morning she expressed a desire to invite her cousin to visit her.

In the cheerful days that followed the advent of Miss Chesham, the disturbing letter quite passed from her mind.

One day, as he entered the house, he was greeted by his wife's voice.

"Now, Stella," it said, "you are really too bad."

Then followed a ripple of laughter from Miss Stella, blended with a deeper voice which he did not recognize.

As his wife introduced him to "Mr. Norstrand, of whom you have heard Stella and myself speak," he could not help noticing the swift, though slight blush, that leaped to her cheeks.

"Really, sir, this is indeed a pleasure. I count myself happy in forming the acquaintance of the husband of a lady whom I feel honored in being permitted to class among the most esteemed of my early friends."

His hand was cold, and its clasp seemed to envelop, as it were, the hand that he grasped, the long fingers winding about it with a motion like that of serpents.

At any rate, this was the impression that George received, and the labored politeness of the man assumed tangibility, like a suffocating cloud.

Later, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that Mr. Norstrand was a very agreeable gentleman, when he chose to be.

He was at a loss to account for his first impression.

In the days that followed, Mr. Norstrand became a not unfrequent visitor, calling ostensibly upon Miss Chesham, but entertained by both the ladies.

George Wentworth was a sensible man, and had he observed nothing unusual in his wife, would have regarded these visits with undisturbed equanimity.

But he could not fail to see that the lack of confidence between them was daily on the increase, an ever-broadening gulf of coldness and constraint.

Their accustomed cares at meeting and parting was passing into a mere form.

And yet though it lacked its wonted warmth and freedom, there was a quiver of tenderness in her lip as it touched his, and her eyes followed him, when he left her, with an appealing look that haunted him all day.

Once he found her in tears.

"Weeping," he said. "What is the matter with my darling?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I feel a little unwell—that is all.

"Indeed, my head aches. But it will be over presently."

"What can I do for you? Shall I wet a handkerchief and place it on your forehead?"

"No—yes. Call Nannie, please—or, never mind.

"I only want rest and quiet. Draw the curtain, please."

He did not press the matter, but did as she requested.

His solicitude served only to agitate and distress her more.

He was chilled and repelled by her reticence.

He knew that her suffering was more mental than physical.

She lay curled upon the sofa, with her face to the wall and a moistened handkerchief resting on her temples.

The tears trickled between her closed eyelids in spite of her efforts to repress them.

Was their flow, and the trembling of her form, occasioned by the lingering tenderness with which he hung over her, adjusting the pillows, and seeking by every means in his power to conduce to the comfort of his darling wife?

He stood for a moment gazing upon her, his own stout heart shook by powerful emotions.

A wild, undefined terror took possession of him, coupled with a yearning passion of love that prompted him to throw himself on his knees before her, and, holding her close in his arms, beg her to unburden her bosom to him.

And yet he was restrained by a something that took no clearly-defined shape; and with a stifled sob, he hurried from the room, his eyes blinded by tears that would not be repressed.

Oh! could his wife have but seen the quiver of his lip and his trembling hand, as he pulled his hat over his eyes, it might have saved them both many a pang.

But she did not.

He rushed from the house to struggle with his bitter thoughts alone.

It was with difficulty that he could conceal his repugnance to Mr. Norstrand.

The studied urbanity of that gentleman inspired him with shuddering disgust.

He avoided all physical contact with him, the mere touch of his hand being sufficient to thrill him through and through.

Nevertheless, George dared not analyse this feeling.

He hated himself for it, and tried to delude himself into the belief that he could not account for it.

Once he thought he detected Miss Chesham regarding him with a pitying look.

Upon meeting his eye, she blushed and withdrew from the room.

He buried his face in his hands, and struggled silently with a great throe of anguish that racked his breast.

This was followed by a burst of rage at himself, and a vehement assertion of—what?

His rage suddenly gave way to a terrible calm, while the physical man shook as with an ague.

After that he watched the servants, and every curious look that he detected fixed upon himself was a dagger that pierced to his innermost heart.

Great God! had it come to this?

All this time he avoided his wife as much as possible.

When in her presence, he seemed to feel her eyes upon him all the time he was not looking at her.

He could not bear it.

One evening, when seeking a summer-house to try and master his feelings in solitude, he heard voices issuing from it.

There was a sound of sobs, and a masculine voice in pleading.

"Oh! fly with me!" it said. "You are the idol of my heart!

"I have been in your thrall since our first happy season together!"

There was a voice in reply.

The words were rendered unintelligible by sobs.

But there was another voice sounding in George Wentworth's ears.

It began in a low, scarcely audible whisper, and rose to an eldritch shriek that curdled his blood.

It repeated—

"Kill her! Kill her! Kill her!"

He shrank away from it; but it rose higher.

He fled the vicinity of the summer-house.

It followed close upon his heels.

"Kill her! Kill her! Kill her!"

He expostulated with it.

"What! Cora? Kill Cora—my Cora? Oh, no! no!"

It was midnight before he returned to the house, and then he sought a couch apart from his wife.

He could not approach her.

Better, indeed, cherish a serpent in his breast than——

"Oh, Cora, Cora!"

In the morning she met him in the hall, haggard from the ordeal through which he had passed, herself bearing traces of a night of unrest.

With a cry, she ran to him and threw herself upon his breast.

"George, George," she cried, "what is the matter? Where have you been?"

Oh, that look!

Could she be guilty?

It must be some frightful nightmare.

But no!

No woman could willingly listen to such words—nay, listen to them without spurning the speaker, and yet retain her purity.

And this—this mere acting!

Oh, God! what a depth of duplicity!

He stood still, quivering in every nerve, his heart swelling until it seemed as if it would burst his bosom.

Then he put her away; but gently, for she was Cora still.

"Nothing, nothing!" he said, in a husky voice, in reply to her question. "Have you had breakfast?

"I cannot wait this morning. I must go directly to the office. Good morning."

The door closed after him.

It left her standing in the hall, gazing at the hard oak panels that shut him from view.

For the first time in their married life he had left her without a kiss.

Clinging to the banister, she crept away to her room and sank into a chair, swaying back and forth with clasped hands, white lips, and eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Oh, cruel! cruel!" she cried. "I cannot endure it; I must tell him!"

Was it a cry for help?

Might sympathy and confidence from him save her?

Alas!

Stunned and paralyzed by its anguish, his heart had closed itself, barring the outer world and shutting in its own great bitterness.

If danger assailed, her womanhood must fight its own battle without hope of succour from him.

By dinnertime he had, in a measure, become master of himself.

He saw that his unusual pallor attracted attention, and finding Miss Chesham's eyes fixed upon him questioningly, he volunteered a general explanation, attributing his preoccupation and anxiety to business difficulties.

He followed this up by an announcement that the business would call him from home for a few days.

With scarcely a pang he noticed his wife start.

His heart had been seared almost into insensibility.

Later in the day he stood opposite a flower-vendor's.

Chancing to look across the street he saw Norstrand enter, purchase a bouquet, and insert a dainty note.

Calling a boy, he dispatched him with the flowers.

No need for George Wentworth to ask their destination.

But something in Norstrand's manner betrayed suppressed excitement.

What was it?

George felt impelled to follow that note.

As he neared home, his own pulse beat quicker.

He ascended the steps two at a bound.

Miss Chesham came out of his wife's room and passed him in the hall, with agitation ill-concealed by a low bow.

He found his wife in tears, at her feet a scrap of paper, and a pansy broken from its stem.

She arose in marked confusion.

As he approached, he placed his foot on the paper.

"Quick! my satchel!" he said. "I shall miss the train."

As he turned to do his bidding, he, by a quick motion, transferred the note from the floor to his pocket.

The next moment he had hurriedly kissed her cheek—he shrunk with a shudder from kissing her lips—and was gone; but not until he had paused a moment in the hall and shortened the pendulum of the clock, that never before had turned from the even tenor of its way to hold the moments of happiness, or speed those of sorrow.

"I have just learned that he will be out of the way.

"Let us delay no longer. I cannot come to you now; but, as you love me, be at the spring by 12 p. m.

"Everything will be in readiness. To-morrow's sun must find the bird flown!"

This was the note that the husband had picked up in his wife's boudoir.

* * * * * *

Slowly the great clock in the hall struck the hour of midnight.

Its tones echoed solemnly up the staircase, sounding like a knell to a pale watcher who stood with door ajar, waiting the subsidence of the sound.

When silence had resumed sway, she stole from the room and crept down the stairs, starting like a guilty thing at every chance noise.

With a shiver she gained the open air, and glided across the lawn, seeing danger in every shadow.

Where a fountain of sparkling water gurgled from the roots of a gnarled old oak, she paused and looked around.

A form appeared from among the shadows.

She cried, "Ethelbert!" in a terrified whisper, and springing forward, threw herself into his arms, with a burst of hysterical weeping.

The next moment, with a piercing scream she fainted away.

George Wentworth—for it was he—uttered a cry in which was mingled wonder, joy and incredulity.

He drew the woman to where the moonlight fell full upon her face, and gazed long upon her, as if he could scarcely credit his senses.

Then, with a murmured—"Oh, Cora! my injured wife!" he lifted her in his arms, and bore her back to the house.

As he gained the head of the stairs, his wife appeared at the door of her room, her face almost as pale as her snowy night-dress.

Seeing him and the burden he carried, she started forward, with a cry of wonder and dismay.

"No noise!" he said. "She is only in a swoon. I will explain all to you presently."

When he had laid Stella Chesham on her bed, and their combined efforts had restored her to consciousness, he led his wife to their own room.

"Cora," he said, when he had placed her in a chair, "a week before Stella came to us you received a letter from her.

"Is there any reason why you should withold from me what it contained?"

"Stella said that she was receiving the attentions of Mr. Norstrand, but feared that they would meet with the opposition of her parents.

"She requested me to invite her to visit me, but to conceal from you her relations with Mr. Norstrand. And, oh, my husband——"

"When you found that Mr. Norstrand followed her here, the continued concealment distressed you?"

"Dear George, yes! The coldness that has sprung up between us has made me—oh, so wretched!" she murmured through her tears.

"And you knew of the contemplated elopement?"

"Not until to-day. Oh, my husband! can you ever forgive me?"

"Stop!" he said, "until you have heard what I have to confess."

And he took from his arm the hand she had laid there in tearful deprecation.

"You! Confess?" she replied, in surprise.

"I am unworthy a single tear from your pure eyes," he began; and then, with shame and sorrow, he laid before her the working of his mind during the past few weeks.

She listened to the story without a word; only the pallor of her face and the quivering of her frame betraying the intensity of her emotions. But when he came to the end, and said—

"And now can you forgive me?"

The blood returned to her cheeks, and she stood erect, her form irradiated by a perfect glory of fervent love.

"Forgive you?" she repeated, and for all answer twined her arms about him and fell weeping on his breast.

Just then a pistol-shot rang out on the night air.

A moment intervened, and a second shot was heard, followed by a loud halloo for help.

George ran out.

There, within a few yards of the spring, lay Norstrand, with an ugly would in his back.

Near him were two officers, one of whom was binding up his arm.

The story is short.

Although learning that detectives were on his track, for a forgery which he had committed some time previous, he had delayed making his escape until he could take Stella with him. His infatuation had proved his ruin.

When traced to the spring, he had resisted arrest, wounding one of the officers, to be shot in return while attempting flight.

Bric-a-Brac.

A "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK."—An old man, covered with artistic rags and mounted on a horse which has long ago seen its best days, is the latest Parisian novelty. Riding slowly up and down the Avenue de Clichy he holds his own felt hat in his hand, asking for alms from all passers-by. If it ever happens that a questioning glance is cast towards the beggar on horseback, he calmly remarks: "Never mind, citizens; I am old and weak, and it would be difficult for me to stand and beg."

A CAT LEGEND.—"Do you know why cats always wash themselves after a meal?" A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it when the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat was struck with this sage remark, set the sparrow down and began to wash his face with his paw. The sparrow flew away. This enraged pussy, and he swore: "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterward." And cats have done so ever since.

THE THRONES.—The throne of England, so splendid when covered with silk, velvet and gold, is, in fact, only an 'old oak chair,' over 600 years in use for the same purpose. Its existence has been traced back to the days of Edward I. The wood is very hard and solid; the back and sides were formerly painted in various colors, and the seat is made of a slab of rough-looking sandstone, 25 inches in length, 17 inches in breadth, and 19½ in thickness, and in this stone lies the grand peculiarities of the chair.

SERVICE IN SAXONY.—Saxony has some very curious laws concerning servant-girls. For instance, the mistress is required to allow the servant one pound of butter and one pound of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the servant furnishes her own bedding, she receives three farthings extra per night for so doing. Three shillings per month is allowed the servant for her washing, and she receives five per cent. on all purchases she makes. She must give a month's notice before leaving her place, and must keep a book for recommendations, in which, upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause of the servant's leaving, and also what is her character.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.—Japanese people are very superstitious, and have innumerable signs and tokens by which to regulate their conduct. They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey, as this would sweep out all the luck with him. At a marriage ceremony neither bride nor bridegroom wear any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage-tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. They have some curious ideas in regard to the finger-nails, which are cut only at certain times. If a woman steps over an egg-shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. The Japanese have numberless other superstitions of a similar character.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Crossing the East with golden crimson bars,
  Comes the Imperial King of Day and Light:
And shaken by his tread, the burning stars
  Drop from the regal diadem of night.
Surely the dawn was not more fair than this,
  When Eden's roses in fresh glory burst,
And morning, blushing at her loveliness,
  Looked down upon the young creation first,
When all below was innocent and when
The angels walked in Paradise with men.

How equally the gifts of God come down
  To all the creatures which his hand hath made:
The beams that wake the children of renown
  Fall on the lowly peasant in the glade.
The sun that calls the eagle up to fly
  From her proud eyrie on the mountain's height,
Visits the lowly lark as smilingly
  When from the vale she takes her heavenward flight:
Morning, and life, and sunshine, these are things,
  Which are not meant to be the wealth of kings.

Freedom, at least, from homeless poverty,
  A soul endowed by fetters or by pain,
One heart whose faith has still been true to me—
  These things are mine, and why should I complain?
Complain? No; rather let me thankful be.
  'Tis only man that scorns my lonely lot;
The God who made me still is good to me,
  And loves me, though the world has loved me not;
And is not morning, with her smiles and light,
  An ever-payment for the weary night?

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—[CONTINUED.]

HOW they would all have welcomed Gwendoline Marr!

How they would have feted and caressed her!

What strange fate had brought them together?

Violet knew well that the one great desire of the dowager Lady Ryvers' heart was to find her marriage illegal, so that Gwendoline Marr might take her place.

It seemed strange to her to find Mrs. Ingram still talking.

"Gwendoline Marr will be one of the richest heiresses in England.

"She has all the Marr estates, and she will have all that I have to leave her. Gwendoline is beautiful too.

"You will admire her; every one does. She has many suitors. She will marry well some day.

"She is all that I have left living in the world."

Still Violet stood motionless, saying to herself over and over again—

"What fate has sent me to meet Gwendoline Marr?"

"I had but one daughter," continued the old lady, "my beautiful, bonny daughter Jean, and Jean married Sir Randal Marr.

"She died many years since, when Gwendoline was quite a little girl; yet although I have so much money to leave her they would not let my grandchild come to live with me.

"Lady James had educated her, Miss Beaton.

"When she has nothing better to do, they let her come and spend a week or two with me, my bonny Jean's daughter."

Violet did not wonder much that a young brilliant, and beautiful woman should avoid Queen's Elm if possible.

"I am always well pleased when she comes, she brings so much sunshine and brightness with her.

"Now, Miss Beaton, will you attend to the rooms?

"Tell the housekeeper to have good fires made in them. Tell her to prepare the blue suite; Gwendoline likes it."

It seemed to Violet the very irony of fate that she should stand there, listening to the orders as to how Gwendoline Marr was to be made comfortable.

She was prompted more than once to cry out that she would not do it.

Why should she do anything for Gwendoline Marr, whose name had been made an instrument of torture to her?

Then curiosity to see the girl whom the dowager Lady Ryvers wished to take her place reigned supreme.

She went away to give the orders, and to tell the housekeeper to have everything ready for Miss Marr.

The housekeeper looked delighted when she heard the intelligence.

"It is always a bright day for us when Miss Marr comes," she said.

Violet scrutinised her eagerly.

She longed to know more and hear more about her rival, but it was impossible to ask.

The housekeeper read the question in her eyes.

"She is a lovely lady, our Miss Marr," she continued, "and she has more lovers, I should think, than there are days in the year."

"She cannot love them all," Violet replied, smiling. "Does the little crowd of admirers follow her here?"

"No; when Miss Marr comes to stay with our mistress, she devotes all her time to her. We have no visitors at Queen's Elm."

A hundred questions trembled on Violet's lips, but she would not ask one.

It was so strange, this meeting the great heiress there.

After all, it was perhaps as well.

Now she would see what her rival was like, the girl whom Lady Ryvers so vehemently desired that her son should marry.

All day she was restless.

She could not give her full and undivided thoughts to what she was doing.

She repeated over and over again to herself, each time with fresh wonder, that she was in the home of the only woman who had ever been her rival.

What would her husband say if he knew?

To what complications would it give rise?

She was not much surprised to find that the order of the house was somewhat changed.

The dinner was later, and some magnificent silver was disinterred; there was a general air of expectation.

Violet could have counted the beats of her heart; even Mrs. Ingram's worn placid face was moved as though with some great pleasure.

It was after sunset when Violet heard the sound of carriage wheels.

She absented herself on some pretext, not caring to be present when the two ladies met.

She was rather frightened by her own emotion: she did not quite understand it. Was it love or jealousy that stirred her heart with such keen interest?

When the dinner-bell rang, she went into the drawing-room, wondering why Mrs. Ingram had not sent for her as usual; and then she saw standing there a woman beautiful as a dream, tall and stately, yet not proud—a graceful gracious woman with an exquisite face and eyes soft and dark as night.

Miss Marr went up to her with white outstretched hands.

"Mrs. Ingram has been speaking of you," she said. "I am pleased to see you; you are a great comfort to her."

And so the hands of the two women whose lives crossed so strangely met for the first time.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THERE was no previous knowledge of Violet on Miss Marr's part; the name of "Miss Beaton" told her nothing. She looked long and lingeringly at the beautiful face before her.

The heiress's warm genial manner had touched Violet's heart; and then, to make her welcome complete, the lovely brunette drew Violet down to a seat on the couch by her side.

"You must find life very dull at Queen's Elm," she said; "you must have plenty of courage to bear it."

Something in the fair face told the wealthy girl that perhaps it was not so bravely borne, after all; there were a restlessness and a longing upon it.

Miss Marr smiled, as she continued—

"Coming to Queen's Elm always seems to me like coming to another world; it is so quaint, so quiet, so out of all the other grooves of life.

"The first week I tolerate it; the second, I begin to feel dull; the third, I am tired; and the fourth, I count the hours until I get away.

"I generally come at this time of the year and remain for a month; then I find myself recruited for Christmas."

Miss Marr talked on purposely, because she saw confusion and embarrassment in the face of her companion.

Why it should be so she could not think, being a perfect stranger to her.

"How strange it must seem to have no men in the house?" the heiress said, laughing.

"Three ladies all alone—I cannot imagine anything more quiet and tame.

"We shall not be able to get up even the faintest attempt at a sensation of any kind. Still I may be grateful that you are here."

"That girl has a story," said Miss Marr to herself, when she was alone; "she has a story of no common kind written on her face."

Violet, on her part, watching the heiress, came to the conclusion that, with all her outward brilliancy and brightness, she was not really happy.

When Violet went suddenly into a room, she would find her sad, very often with traces of tears on her face.

When she was off her guard, the heiress did not appear to be the same woman the world judged her.

For some few days after her arrival she was listless, and seemed to be buried in deep thought, and she took little part in the conversation going on around her.

"Gwennie, you have lost your high spirits," Mrs. Ingram said to her one day; "you do not laugh and talk as you used to do."

"I am growing old and steady, grandmamma."

"Life loses its sweetest illusions as the years pass."

"Keep them as long you can," said Mrs. Ingram. "Once gone, they can never be recalled."

"I am not sure that I would recall mine if I could," said Miss Marr. "Miss Beaton have you had many illusions?"

Violet paused for a moment before she answered.

Had she?

They said illusions were sweet. Had she found any part of life sweet?

Yes, when she first knew her brave handsome young lover, when he had wooed her in "June's palace paved with gold," when she had first believed in him and his genius, before she knew that he belonged to the class she detested. Yes; she had had her illusions.

"Yes," she replied, "I have had some; but they are dead."

And, strangely enough, the sweetest illusion of both had been love of the same man.

Days passed on, and the two women unconsciously drew nearer to each other.

The heiress liked the beautiful golden-haired woman whose fair face told a story that no one yet had read; and Violet half liked, half feared the lovely brunette who should—so her family said—have been her husband's wife.

Was it love of her husband that shadowed the face of Miss Marr?

Why did she sit hour after hour with such a listless expression on her face, with such a far-off look in her dark eyes?

Was it for love of him?

Was it for love of him that this girl seemed to live in the world, but not to be of it?

In the morning, when the letter-bag was opened, it was amusing to see how many letters were addressed to the heiress. None ever came to Violet.

"What a number of letters, Gwennie!" said Mrs. Ingram once.

"Some are begging-letters," explained her granddaughter, "some bills, some circulars——"

"And some love-letters!" interposed Mrs. Ingram.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a dreary sigh, "there are many love-letters; those are the most tiresome of all."

"I should not have thought so at your age," said Mrs. Ingram.

"I am older than my years," sighed the heiress.

And Violet wondered if it were love for Randolph, Lord Ryvers, that made her older than her years.

Love often lies dormant until something quickens it into active life.

Violet might have lived for years without knowing whether she loved or hated her husband most, but for the jealousy that sprang into life when she found that another woman loved him.

She had never been jealous; she did not know what the feeling was like.

The pain was quite new to her, but none the less bitter.

When Violet entered the gates of Queen's Elm, the love that she had for her husband was weak and feeble.

Jealousy was the wind that fanned the smouldering fire into fiercest blaze.

She had noticed more than once that Miss Marr always wore a gold locket.

In the morning it was half hidden by the folds of her bodice, in the evening it shone on her fair shapely neck; and Violet wondered why her hand sought it incessantly. Whether she sat reading, talking, or thinking, she nearly always held it in her hand.

If any one addressed her suddenly, if any unexpected noise startled her, her hand sought the locket or clasped it more tightly still.

One morning it so happened that Violet went to Miss Marr's room with a message from Mrs. Ingram.

She found her standing by the window, with the locket in her hand.

It was most elaborately and exquisitely chased, with a magnificent diamond in the centre.

Violet saw in a moment the cloud upon her face, and asked hurriedly—

"What is the matter, Miss Marr?"

The heiress looked up with a smile and a sigh.

"I am in trouble," she said; "will you help me.

"Something has gone wrong with the spring of my locket—it will not close. Will you look at it, Miss Beaton?"

Violet took the chain and locket from her hands; and then she saw within it a portrait of her husband.

She saw laughing blue eyes, so sunny and so true, the cluster of her hair round the noble brow, the beautiful mouth, so firm, yet with the sweet and gracious curves that belonged to a woman.

A sharp, bitter pain went through her heart; for one moment she stood bewildered; her face lost all its color and a mist came before her eyes.

Her husband's portrait!

Yet this other woman wore it and cherished it, clasped it and kissed it!

"Do you see where the spring is injured?" asked Miss Marr.

"No," answered Violet. "I do not understand——"

Her voice was so faint and weary that the heiress, in her warm impulsive kindness, took the locket and chain from her hands.

"How cruel I am to tease you!" she said. "You are tired."

Then with a quick sudden gesture, she opened the locket again, and went on—"I heard you say yesterday that you were a good reader of character from faces; tell me what you think of that face."

It was a curious situation, those two women—the fair face of the one white with jealousy and pain, the face of the other flushed with emotion—holding between them the portrait of the man beloved by one and husband of the other.

"Tell me," repeated Miss Marr, "what you think of it?"

"It is very handsome."

"Oh," interrupted the heiress, "that is the least of it! I am not speaking or thinking merely of its beauty, although to me it is the most perfect face in the wide world. What do you think of the expression in those eyes?"

"They look as though they loved some one very much," Violet said involuntarily.

"Ah! Would to Heaven that 'some one' were myself!" cried the heiress. Then her head drooped and a crimson flame burned her face.

"I did not think what I was saying," she went on piteously.

"Forget you heard that, Miss Beaton. Yet why should I be ashamed of it? It eases my heart, and I may trust you.

"This is the portrait of the one that makes the whole light of earth to me, the one that changes earth into heaven. And yet ——"

She broke off abruptly.

Violet looked at her; her whole face quivered with pain.

"I never part with it," resumed Miss Marr. "I have given my love, my heart, my peace of mind, my life itself, and all I have in return is this portrait—nothing more.

"Was there ever, do you think, a fate like mine? Men say I am beautiful. I have almost every gift this world could give me, and yet I cannot win the one thing for which I would give them all—the love of that fair-faced man.

"I would give my wealth, my beauty, my life, if but once and for one minute he would take me in his arms and say that he loved me.

"I have wearied Heaven with prayers. I think it no shame to ask for the gift of a good man's love, and I have prayed for it; but I have never won it.

"The world is empty to me," she continued, "because this man does not love me.

"It is strange what capricious, wilful, miserable mortals we are.

"I have everything one would think to make me happy; yet the poorest peasant-woman married to the husband she loves is happier than I.

"I fixed my heart on one thing, and I have not attained it. I have prayed one prayer; it has been denied me.

"All heaven and earth are dark, void, and dreary to me, because the desire of my heart has not been accorded to me."

And Violet, as she listened to these passionate words, could only repeat over and over again to herself—

"The man whom she loves is my husband and I have left him."

"Now," said Miss Marr, with a quick look at her companion, "you would think it undignified perhaps to love any man after this fashion?"

"No," answered Violet gently; "I cannot judge."

"I am not all to blame," continued the heiress. "I admit that I loved him the first moment I saw him; but, if I had felt sure he did not and never would care for me, I should have tried to trample my love under foot, and have avoided him. But I was deceived."

With a sudden pang Violet looked up at her.

Who had deceived her?

Had Randolph, who had sworn to her over and over again that he loved her and her only—had he tried to win the loving passionate heart of this beautiful woman before her?

She did not know that life held such a terrible pain as this.

"You were deceived?" she questioned slowly.

"Yes, but not by him—never by him," Miss Marr replied hastily. "There is not the faintest shadow of guile in his face. Look at it.

"There is none in his eyes. Look at them. There is none in his heart. Heaven bless him! He would not know how to deceive any one."

"Who deceived you," she asked, "if it was not this man whom you love?" And Miss Marr little dreamed that the girl's whole soul was in suspense as she awaited the answer.

"It was not he," answered the heiress, with a loving glance at the photograph; "it was his mother. I could not say with truth that she told me in so many words that he loved me and wanted me to be his wife; but she gave me that impression, she led me to believe that the great hope of his life was to win me—and all the time he did not care for me. I do not even think he was much interested in me."

"Why did she mislead you?" asked Violet.

"I cannot tell. She is very proud and very worldly-wise. She wanted a wife for her son, and she thought she could choose for him; and, to my surprise, she selected me. Still it was not honest to deceive me, for it has blighted my life."

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Violet involuntarily.

"Yes, it has," said Miss Marr sadly. "I have no real interest in anything. I go through a certain amount of what is called gaiety. I dance, sing, play, ride; I take my place in society; I receive the flattery and homage of I cannot say how many admirers; I hear myself called beautiful, a great heiress, a queen of society—and all the time my heart is dead, dead as the leaves that fall in autumn."

"But," said Violet, "I do not understand how any one could have deceived you in a matter of that kind. I should have thought your own heart would have spoken."

"My own heart blinded me," she answered, with a sigh: "yet, now that I come to think of it, I marvel that I built so much upon so little. I admit that I loved Randolph at first sight; but he never misled me by affecting any unusual interest in me. Would it interest you to hear my story?"

"Yes," replied Violet frankly; "nothing would interest me more."

"Then," said the heiress gently, "sit down and listen to it. No; do not give me back the photograph. Hold that in your hands. Examine closely the beautiful sen-

sitive face which is the only excuse I have for my weakness. When I weigh all the circumstances, I feel that I may forgive myself any amount of folly;" and Miss Marr paused for a few moments before telling her story.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I AM an only child," began the heiress. "My father, Sir Randal Marr, was a very wealthy man. Late in life he married my mother, Jean Ingram, who died soon after I was born; and I am the sole representative of two wealthy and powerful families—hard enough for one solitary girl, is it not?

"When grandmamma here dies, many thousands will come to me; but, oh, Miss Beaton, money will not bring me any happiness—all the money in the world cannot purchase love, and it is love that I want! I have too much wealth;" and the girl sighed wearily.

"I have lived amongst my relatives, all good, kindly, worldly people.

"I made my debut in the fashionable world when I was just seventeen; I am twenty-two now, and far more tired of life than many a woman of sixty. You see, I have not had the one great desire of my life granted.

"I was very young, very happy and light of heart when Lady Ryvers invited me to Ryverswell.

"She had said little about her son, but just at that time he was at home. I remember how and where I first saw him—this man whom I love so well.

"I saw him first on the broad terrace at Ryverswell. I shall always picture him to myself as I saw him then. He was watching the sun set over the broad beautiful river; there was a glorious light on his face as the sun's rays fell upon him.

"My heart seemed to have found rest, to have gained its home. Lady Ryvers introduced us, and then proceeded to tell me before him how amazed she was that he would persist in painting.

"'He is never happy away from his palette and brushes,' she said; 'he looks at everything with the eyes of a painter, instead of with the eyes of an ordinary man: he sees nothing but color and form.'

"'It is a libel, Miss Marr,' Lord Ryvers laughed; 'the difference between the eyes of an artist and those of an ordinary man, as my mother expresses it, is that the artist sees most.'

"'Do not let him beguile you, Miss Marr,' said Lady Ryvers, smiling at me. 'He seems pleased to see you; but he is studying your coloring: he thinks you are like the work of Titian or a Velasquez.'

"From these few words sprang a long conversation.

"I had met no one like him. True, I had seen plenty of men, some handsome, some clever, and some accomplished; but this one seemed to be perfect. He was nobleman, gentleman, scholar, poet, and artist combined; add to that the charm of a handsome face and graceful manner, and even then you have but a faint idea of Lord Ryvers as I knew him.

"All my heart went out to him, and, alas, it has never come back to me! Perhaps, had I been more like other girls, had I had home, parents, sisters, I should not have trusted all my life to one venture; I should not have been so quick, so eager to love.

"The knowledge that I was to be in the house with him for some few weeks filled my whole soul with happiness. My present self looks back to that bright young self as to another person. With my dead heart, I think I can never be the girl who found the very light of the sun changed because she had learned to love.

"Lady Ryvers deceived me by continually repeating little phrases to me that her son had used in speaking of me, and she gave to them a different meaning, a different interpretation from that which he intended.

"I do not believe now that he ever said he loved me, or expressed any desire to make me his wife; but she gave me to understand that he did so.

"'My son thinks so much of your taste, Miss Marr;' 'My son will not decide until you have given your opinion, Miss Marr,' was what she was always telling me.

"To me she made no secret of her own wishes.

"'I should like you for my daughter-in-law,' she would say; 'and I have every reason to hope that my wish will be gratified.

"'My son is not of age yet; but when he is he will say in words what he now thinks.'

"Miss Beaton, what should you have drawn from such words?"

"A certain conclusion that Lady Ryvers wished you to marry her son," answered Violet, "but not that the son himself had the same thought."

"You are quite right; it was my own love that misled me.

"If the same thing had been said to me of any one else, I should have been most indignant—indeed I would not have listened to it.

"It was but second-hand wooing at the best. Lady Ryvers was so clever, so skilful, that, without clothing the idea in words she gave me to understand that he did not think it prudent to say anything of her love or marriage until he was of age. I was blind.

"I gave myself up to a fool's paradise. I ought to have known that love and prudence are as far apart as the poles. I have paid the penalty of my blindness with the happiness of my whole life.

"What the heart wishes it soon believes.

"Deceived by Lady Ryvers, I really believed that Lord Ryvers cared for me, and that when we were both older he would ask me to be his wife.

"True, there was nothing lover-like in his manner.

"He talked to me about pictures because I loved them; and, when I found that painting was the one thing for which he cared most, I studied it.

"Not that I tried to paint; but I read the lives of great artists, I read what clever men wrote of them, so that when he spoke of anything I could understand all his references.

"He was delighted. He has sisters; but they either did not care for such subjects, or it had been an express wish of Lady Ryvers' that they should not encourage him in the matter of art.

"The only time when she seemed to tolerate painting was when Lord Ryvers discussed it with me."

How much better this woman had loved him than she herself had done!

The rich heiress had studied the things he loved, whilst she had never dreamed of so doing.

She had even at times felt impatient with his devotion to art.

The contrast struck her in a most forcible manner.

"I know," continued Miss Marr, "that that was the tie between us. I am sure now that nothing else was in his mind.

"He would ask me to join him in his rambles through the woods: but it was never to make love to me—only to talk of the coloring of the leaves and the springing grasses.

"We spent hours by the beautiful reach of the river, by the well in the grounds; and, when he returned, Lady Ryvers met us always with the same smile.

"But I knew he had never made love to me; we had talked of various things, but never of love.

"It was during these hours that I found out that Lord Ryvers was one of the most romantic of men, that he had the soul of a poet with the genius of an artist. I loved him more and more.

"With every sun that rose and set my love grew deeper, stronger, firmer, and my heart so one with his that I can never take it from him.

"If he had been vain, as many young men at that age are, he must have read my secret.

"I was often ashamed of the love light in my eyes, of the glow on my face—often most terribly ashamed; but he was serenely unconscious of it all.

"If he spoke, and the sudden sound of his voice sent the tell-tale blood to my face, he would tell me that I had the rich coloring of a Velasquez; if emotion drove the color from my face, he would say that I had changed into a Greuze; but he neither knew nor dreamed that the change of color was for him.

"We were together for seven weeks—not long, you will think, to influence a life; I have known little happiness since; then my visit ended.

"We met again at Christmas, at Holt Castle—Lady Ryvers, with her son, and daughter Marguerite, were there—and there my hopes were confirmed.

"Not by him, though: he was always the same—kind, gentle, and chivalrous in his manner, interested in our conversations, but never so much as breathing the word 'love.'

"It was at Holt Castle that Lady Ryvers opened her heart to me. She told me that her dearest wish was that I should be mistress of Ryverswell, and that she was sure Randolph loved me.

"She was equally sure that, when he was of age, he would ask me to be his wife. She told me that she had peculiar ideas of marriage; but I have discovered since then that they were of a very different kind from what I expected.

"Lady Ryvers was very cruel in talking to me after this fashion. She would speak of the time when I would be mistress of Ryverswell, as though it were a certainty. One day I ventured to say to her:

"'You speak as though I were engaged to your son, Lady Ryvers, whereas he has never said one word of love to me—never one.'

"'He will do so,' she said, smiling, 'when the right time comes.'

"Then I asked her, shyly, why she was so anxious that I should marry him, and she told me frankly that ever since she had heard of and seen me she had wished me to be her son's wife.

"'Not for money, dear,' she said, 'although a fortune like yours gives influence and has great advantages—it will help Randolph to make a position for himself second to none in the land. It is because you are in every way fitted for him. You have every one of the gifts and advantages that I desire for him; you have not one of the drawbacks that would have grieved me—not one.'

"It was very consoling; but I should have valued one word of love from the son more than all these overtures from the mother.

"We were together three weeks at Holt Castle; adding those to the seven I spent at Ryverswell, I count in my life ten happy weeks.

"Some have ten happy years—some have a whole happy life; I have had ten perfect weeks."

"But you may be happy yet," said Violet; "you will not spend your whole life lamenting over that."

"It sounds like lunacy," said Miss Marr; "but what am I to do? I have given my love; I cannot recall it. It is not my fault. There are some things irresistible, and this is one.

"I would free myself from this bondage if I could. Do you know what this love will do for me?"

"No," said Violet.

"It will kill me sooner or later. No one can live with a broken heart; and mine is surely broken."

Then Violet wondered more and more.

This was how Monica had spoken.

She asked herself if Randolph had left her, had gone away from St. Ryno's without telling her he loved her, would her heart have broken, would she have felt as though all life was ended?

And this time there was a thrill both of pain and pleasure in her heart as the answer came.

She was beginning to think differently of her husband, viewing him in the light of another woman's love.

"The strangest part of the story is yet to come," said Miss Marr. "Lady Ryvers wrote to me in the month of April, and told me that her son had asked, as a special favor, before he settled in life, that he might have one year for a sketching tour.

"He had promised her that, if she would continue her administration of his estates, and extend her reign until the expiration of that time, he would willingly attend to the duties she was most anxious to urge upon him.

"That was in April. In June I went to Ryverswell. Of course he was absent, and the difference was as great as between night and day.

"Still Lady Ryvers talked to me in the same fashion—of what I should do when I went to reign over the grand old house where she had been mistress so long, what plan of life she wished Randolph to pursue."

Again came the mingled sense of pain and pleasure, so new to Violet, at the sound of her husband's name on her rival's lips.

"This autumn," continued the heiress, "I was staying with some friends near Ryverswell, and I heard some strange rumors about the young heir.

"At last I saw Lady Ryvers, and she prayed of me so urgently to go to her at Ryverswell that I could not refuse. But, ah me, what a different place it was!

"A blight seemed to have fallen over it. Lady Ryvers looked like a woman pressed down by some terrible sorrow, and, after a while, she told it to me.

"It was a strange story, but, knowing her son's romantic nature, I cannot say that it surprised me."

It was by a supreme effort that Violet refrained from speaking.

She felt that it was her own story she was about to hear, and, for some inexplicable reason, she dreaded the thought of hearing it.

"It seems," continued Miss Marr, "that Lord Ryvers always had a dread of being married for money or title—that the great wish of his heart was to marry for love alone.

"That was his dream, just as some dream of a seat in Parliament, and others of the Victoria Cross. It was the desire of his heart, the one grand ambition of his life. As I have told you, he went on a sketching tour.

"He would have no valet, no servant; he left all ceremony and formality behind him. He dropped even his name and title for a time; he wanted to realize to its fullest extent the freedom and charm of an artist's life.

"It was his whim, his fancy, his last real glimpse of liberty, before he entered upon public life. No one can say that he was to blame.

"While he was on his sketching tour, he —— Mind, my dear Miss Beaton, you are letting my locket fall!"

The treasure had slipped from the trembling hands.

Miss Marr raised it, and touched it with her lips.

Noting her companion's action, Violet's face flushed with anger.

Her husband had kissed her face a thousand times with passionate kisses, and her heart had not been stirred—she had taken them very much as her right.

But now, as the beautiful lips of Miss Marr touched her husband's face, something rushed through both heart and brain, leaving her faint and bewildered.

The heiress put the portrait into her hand and went on.

"During the sketching tour he met some beautiful country girl, quite unconnected, I believe. He fell in love with her. Neither his name nor his rank did he disclose. He wooed her as a poor artist. Lady Ryvers does not seem to think that she cared very much for him; but I do not believe that. Why, in that case, did she marry him? If one does not marry for money, it must be for love.

"I should think this young girl married Lord Ryvers believing him to be an artist working for his daily bread.

"The strangest part of the story is that she is what you seldom find so young a girl to be, a real democrat.

"She was brought up, it seems, to detest and contemn all aristocrats; and Randolph, who understood this, knew well that she would never marry him if she knew his name and position.

"He kept both secret from her.

"Lady Ryvers at first suspected that she knew it, and had entrapped her son; now it seems quite certain she was ignorant of every fact connected with him, except that he was an artist.

"He managed to keep his secret for some time.

"In the end she found it out.

"Lady Ryvers says that she never liked him afterwards."

"It was a gross deception!" cried Violet suddenly.

"It was nothing of the kind," said the heiress, her eyes flashing.

"Look at his face there; it is open as the day. No man with a face like that could be deceitful. It shows—it shows," she continued, wringing her jewelled hands, "that no one understands him as I do, no one in all the wide world.

"Deceit never entered his soul; it could not, even as a dark spirit cannot enter heaven.

"It was not deceit.

"I will tell you what it was—the graceful poetical fancy of an artist, the whim of a man who wanted to be loved for himself and married for himself; and I say, let who will declare to the contrary, that there was no harm in it, no shadow of guile or deceit. What do you candidly think yourself?"

And Miss Marr fixed her eyes on the pale agitated face, and waited for an answer.

"What do you candidly think yourself?" she repeated.

It was a crucial question, a trying moment.

For the first time since she had found out her husband's secret, she felt that she had judged him too harshly, and had not given sufficient consideration to the motives which actuated him.

"It matters little what I think," said Violet. "The girl looked at it from her point of view, the man from his."

"The girl wanted shaking!" declared Miss Marr.

For a few minutes Violet was quelled by the heiress's sudden outburst.

Hitherto she had felt that the wrong and injury were all on her side.

She had taken no tolerant view of her husband's conduct.

But to be told that she "wanted shaking" was a shock to her which brought a rush of color to her fair face and light to her eyes.

"Why do you say that?" she asked coldly.

"Why, any one could answer that question!" declared Miss Marr. "Here is a girl living quietly in the country, without expectations of any kind, and a gentleman falls in love with her.

"He does not love and ride away, as many men would have done; he does not play fast and loose with her.

"He marries her; he gives her the richest dower that a king could give to a queen, the first, best, and truest love of his heart. What more royal dower can man give to woman than that?

"He gives her one of the oldest names in the land and one of the most stainless. He gives her wealth, luxury, every comfort and delight that any woman could desire. I maintain that she ought to be grateful to him.

"I should have been.

"I only wish to Heaven he had given me one tithe of the love he has given to her!"

A world of wistful longing shone in the dark beautiful face, a world of passionate love and pain.

"Why do you think she is not grateful?" asked Violet gently.

"I know she is not; the dowager told me about it.

"She, this young wife, really Lady Ryvers, although she seems never to have used the name, was brought up in some extraordinary fashion to hate, without rhyme and reason, all aristocrats, and, when she found that she had married one of the class she hates, all her love seemed to die.

"Lady Ryvers assured me that she believed honestly that all the love was on his side.

"Was that being grateful?

"I think, when she found what his marriage cost him, she ought to have been doubly grateful to him, she ought to have loved him more than ever.

"I should in her place.

"Lady Ryvers said he never looked quite happy.

"Then, after all, she left him."

"Left him?" repeated Violet mechanically.

She wondered if this other woman could hear the quick beating of her heart; to her it seemed to drown all other sounds.

"Yes—left him"—there was a passionate ring of scorn in the speaker's voice—"left him; but I must own that she seems to have had great provocation.

"Lady Ryvers had wanted me to be her son's wife; this marriage was altogether distasteful to her.

"The girl was very beautiful; but she was high-spirited and willful.

"The dowager might have made matters much pleasanter, but she never tried.

"The Ryverses are all proud people. This girl was just as proud, but in the very opposite direction.

"She admired all that they disliked, she contemned all that they most admired; she did not abate one of her prejudices; she gave back coldness for coldness, pride for pride.

"Ah me, I would not have done so had I been in her place!"

"What would you have done?" asked Violet wistfully.

She did not like this portrait of herself drawn by another hand.

"I, for his dear sake, would have done my best to conciliate them," she replied; "I would have trampled all my own miserable feelings under foot; I would have thought first of him and his interests; I should have studied him, not asserted myself, as she did."

Again the warm blood rushed over Violet's face, and a mist seemed to hide the face of her husband from her view.

"True feeling makes all the difference," said Miss Marr. "I should have done all this because I loved him; she failed to do it because she did not love him enough."

Did she not?

Was it love, hate, or jealousy that sent

that burning thrill through her heart, that made her long almost to check the very words that came from her rival's lips?

"Is was, or rather it is a sad story altogether," continued the heiress. "I really think that, if the dowager had seen that the girl loved her son, she might in time have learned to like her; but she assured me that she did not love him.

"When she saw this, when she realized what a fatal mistake the marriage was, she, the dowager, took a desperate and, I think, most unjustifiable step.

"She tried to set the marriage aside.

"I do not know on what grounds or under what plea.

"I condemn the action altogether.

"Nor can I understand it on the part of a woman like Lady Ryvers, unless she were driven almost to despair; but she did it. She thought that as her son was not of age, some flaw might be found in the marriage, and that it could be set aside."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRICE HE PAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MYSTERIOUS LOVER," "MY FIRST PATIENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT is holiday season.

People in sea-side and yachting costumes are rushing off—east and west—frantic in their eagerness to get away from the heat and dust of the glaring streets.

In the surging crowd at the Paddington railway-station, first and foremost, is Owen Grimsdale, a tall lithe young man, with keen, deep-set, gray eyes, thin lips, and a face that most persons call handsome.

Owen has far too correct taste to affect peculiarity in his dress, he wears the same sort of light gray suit that dozens of other men appear in, and the same kind of low felt hat.

But, somehow, he attracts notice, and more than one pair of bright eyes watch him as he edges his way through the crowd and seats himself at the window of a first-class railway carriage.

Owen is giving himself a holiday, going down to Blithside, his native place, to visit his friends, and it is afternoon ere he comes to his journey's end, and reaches the secluded village.

The hot July sun is pouring down from a cloudless sky, turning the narrow winding river of Blith to a rill of molten silver, and quivering and glowing over rich fields of golden-tinted corn.

The leaves droop motionless from the branches, and Owen, as he walks along meditating, as is his wont, seeks every scrap of shade to screen himself from the intense heat.

The road leading to his father's house is direct from the railway-station.

But Owen, after a moment's pause, turns into a lane that runs in an opposite course.

A hot flush mounts to his brow, his step grows braker, and presently he stands glancing over the wall of Doctor Frere's garden.

He does not remain long undiscovered. A loud shout of children's voices greets his appearance.

"Here's Owen Grimsdale, Nellie—Nellie, here's Owen!"

At once he owns himself detected, laughingly vaults over the wall, shakes hands with the two boys, who rush to the gate to meet him, and then advances to meet Nellie who is coming down the pathway.

"Owen, what a surprise!"

"Kiss her, Owen—don't mind us," exclaims Harry considerately.

"You naughty boy, how dare you!" laughs Nellie, as she pretends to chide her brother; but she does not resist Owen's lover-like embrace.

When the first tumult of wild joy is over, she recollects that she is not quite in suitable trim to meet this very fastidious admirer of hers—he, who is so accustomed to elegant attire and fashionable ladies in London.

"Oh, dear, if I could only have known he was coming, and have slipped away to change my dress!" she thinks.

But there is no help for it now.

Nellie stands beside her lover, very, very unhappy.

She is just a little confused, a little too conscious of having on an ugly yellow sunbonnet, of having fruit stains on her fingers and a great hole in her pri..t dress, torn by a stubborn raspberry rod.

A blooming country blossom is Nellie Frere, with her fair young face, fresh and round, dimpled and peach-tinted.

Her hair, disturbed by her labors amongst the fruit-bushes, is a tangle of prisoned sunshine—her true loving heart is beaming from the depths of her azure eyes.

"Come in and see mother," she says with a smile.

"I hardly have time, Nellie. To tell the truth, I did not mean to call here until I had been home first: but your two sharp brothers spied me out, the moment I looked over the fence."

"Why does a donkey look over a hedge?" shouts Harry, perverting the usual nursery riddle.

Owen makes an ineffectual dive at the youngster, and then walks up the garden path with Nellie, full blown roses scenting the air, and nodding at them from the flower beds as they pass.

Mrs. Frere is in the kitchen at the back of the house.

She is filling her last pot of raspberry-jam from a huge copper preserving-pan.

The snowy kitchen table is covered with numerous jars of the sweet-smelling conserve, which is beginning to glaze on the surface, with that gloss and firmness so dear to the hearts of cooks.

She is a cheery-looking woman, warm-hearted and affectionate.

Having known Owen all his life, and having dandled him as a babe on her lap, she feels no particular awkwardness, though he has made a sudden intrusion into her kitchen, and surprised her in the midst of her jam-making.

She waves him a friendly welcome with her large wooden spoon, and warns him not to come near, or he might spoil his pale gray kid gloves.

Owen laughs merrily, and declares that he feels half inclined to run away with a pot of her jam, as he has often done in days of yore.

"You shall have some for your tea, Owen."

"I cannot stay to tea; I have not been home yet, and my people will be jealous."

But these scruples are soon conquered, and Mrs. Frere, having laid aside her linen apron, but the hue of the kitchen-fire still glowing on her plump, handsome face, goes with him into the dining-room, and sets herself to detail Blithside news for her intended son-in-law's entertainment.

Nellie snatches the golden opportunity, and runs off to her room to adorn herself.

She soon returns, for the silly child grudges every moment spent away from the sunshine of her lover's presence.

She has put on a white pique costume—fresh and new—her glossy light hair is turned back in a cluster of curls, and tied with blue ribbon, Owen's favorite color. A very rose-bud she looks in her bright young beauty, as she nestles up beside her betrothed on the hard, old-fashioned sofa.

Doctor Frere comes in presently, very tired and hungry, for he has been administering to the ailments of sick people for miles round.

He cheers up when he sees Owen, and soon they gather round the table to the early afternoon meal, which, though called tea, has many of the elements of a good substantial dinner.

Without being an egotist, Owen is not averse to sprinkling his conversation with many details of his own doings and sayings and while he is in the middle of a narration—while Nellie is listening, entranced, to his sparkling wit—Alec Moore, the Doctor's assistant, enters the room.

Owen merely given him a quick bow, and goes on with his story.

Alec apparently does not trouble himself much at this chill greeting.

He draws his chair near the table beside the boys, and quietly helps himself to bread and butter.

"I am afraid the tea is nearly cold," apologizes Nellie. She speaks in a low voice, lest she should interrupt Owen.

"Never mind that, Miss Frere." Alec replies, flushing hotly.

"Shall I ring for more?"

"Please don't—this is delicious, really."

Alec sets himself to make up for lost time, and so occupied does he become that he forgets to join in the laugh that greets the good point Owen has made.

One might fancy he is not even listening, did not detect the keen look of scrutiny he occasionally darts forth from his brown eyes, and the slight frown that now and then sweeps across his forehead as he thoughtfully ponders Owen's words in his criticizing mind.

Alec Moore and Owen Grimsdale are about the same age.

They sat on the same form at school, but now Owen has taken long steps in advance in the world of experience.

He is already filling a prominent place in society, while Alec is still a mere tyro in his profession, and has hardly wakened up to grasp the full meaning of life's duties and life's work.

Alec looked like an over-grown giant at nineteen, and now at twenty-five he has far more promise of strength and endurance than of elegance and refinement.

Many who had laughed at his awkward ways and Northern accent have been won to admire him for his out-spoken truthfulness, his honest heart.

His father, an old retired navy surgeon, lives at Blithside, and Alec has been in Doctor Frere's surgery from his boyhood, rising through the different stages, and studying hard meanwhile.

Alec is not envious, but, as he watches Owen, with his handsome face, his polished manners, his gifts of conversation, some slight cynicism curls his lip as he thinks—"What can be the reason girls are always attracted by that sort of hollow nothingness?

"Grimsdale likes Nellie well enough—who could help it? But he likes himself far better."

He pushes away his plate as he comes to this conclusion, and rises from the table.

"Let me give you another cup of tea," urge Nellie.

"No, thanks; I must be off. I promised to take old granny White a lotion for her rheumatism.

"Good-bye, Owen, if I don't see you again."

Owen takes his departure soon afterwards and they all walk down the garden together, a merry little party.

Nellie hangs on Owen's arm, with the sunlight playing on her hair, her sweet eyes watching him tenderly as he talks to her mother.

The Doctor and his two boys bring up the rear.

As Owen passes out of the gate Doctor Frere overtakes him.

"I will walk down the lane with you."

"Better come all the way and see my father."

"Not now, Owen; I will call on him shortly.

"How are you getting on in London? I hear brilliant rumors of your success."

"I cannot complain, Doctor Frere; in fact, if I continue to succeed as I have done of late, I must shortly be looking out for a home for Nellie and myself."

"Dear little Nellie! Must we lose her so soon?

"But I congratulate you, Owen, from my heart."

There is a slight tremor in the Doctor's voice, but he shakes hands heartily with his son-in-law elect, and walks home, thinking rather sadly of parting with his bright little daughter, and wondering what the home nest will be like without her.

Nellie runs to meet him at the gate.

"At what time did Owen say he was coming back, father?"

"He never told me, but I daresay he will be here to supper."

"I hope he will," replies Nellie, with a shy little laugh, and she takes her father's arm as they walk up the garden together.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Mr. Grimsdale is the Blithside solicitor, but, as the people of the village are rather peaceful than otherwise, his fees for litigation are not heavy.

He lives in a modern house of some pretensions in the best street of the place.

It had been built with care with a view to its being Owen's future home, when he, in his day and generation, should have settled into his father's place.

But Owen long ago protested against such an arrangement.

He had detested looking forward to so narrow a career.

Blithside had no field wide enough for his talents or ambition, so he had gone to London, hoping to make his mark in the age, and hitherto his success has warranted his aspirations.

It often occurs, when people plan to give others a pleasant surprise by an unexpected arrival, that they prepare a vast amount of disappointment for themselves—thus it happens in Owen's case.

He finds his mother has gone by train to spend a long day with a relative, and his father overwhelmed with accounts and papers.

His spectacles are on his nose, the pen in his fingers, his brains in a hopeless worry with complicated work that must be finished in a given time.

The study is hot and close, the windows shut down on that sultry evening, and a couple of blue-bottle flies are buzzing about against the glass.

Cold perspiration stands on the old man's brow as he gives his son a hurried welcome.

"Can't stop to ask how you are, Owen. Your mother is out; but ring the bell, my boy, and Susan will get you dinner."

"I had early tea at Doctor Frere's, so don't worry about me, father.

"Can't I help you? Anything exciting going on?"

"No; it's only the Mountclair mortgage. The old General wants to borrow a large sum on the estate, and I must send him these papers at seven o'clock this evening."

"Mortgage Mountclair!" exclaims Owen in amazement.

Had any one told him the Crown Jewels were to be pawned, he could not have been more astonished.

He has always believed Mountclair to be the seat and centre of all that is wealthy, luxurious, and grand.

"Why does the General wish to mortgage his property, father?"

The lawyer shrugs his shoulders, makes a wild dash at a blue-bottle that is buzzing fiercely round his ears, and replies—

"Because he has got his affairs into a mess.

"Everything is gone but the Mountclair estate, and that is doomed to go also."

"You surprise me. I thought he was very rich."

"He ought to be rich. His own folly is alone to blame for his difficulties.

"But gambling runs in his blood like insanity: it masters him; and, while he has a tree or a brick left, he will stake them."

"How dreadful! Has this been going on long?"

"For years—though it has been hushed up.

"What with horse-racing, cards, speculating—he has done for himself."

The lawyer wipes his brow, and begins looking for a missing paper.

"Here, father, let me help you."

"I wish you would, Owen. I shall never get the affair into shape by the time I promised."

"Let me drive those monsters out of the room first, and open the window.

"You won't mind a breath of fresh air? The place is like an oven."

Owen rapidly makes these arrangements, draws the papers towards him, masters their contents, and, in his prompt, methodical way, soon has the work finished.

The lawyer nods approvingly as he examines the despatch, and exclaims, as he looks at his watch—

"Now begins another puzzle."

"What is that?"

"The parcel must be at Mountclair in half an hour.

"I shall never be able to mount the hill in that time, and I can't trust the office boy."

"I'll take the papers there, and never lose sight of them until they are in the General's own hands," suggests Owen.

"Thank you, my boy, that removes all my difficulties."

The warm haze that has been hanging over the fair summer earth has passed away, and deep shadows are beginning to temper the heat as Owen goes up the rather steep hill leading to Mountclair.

Externally, every inch of the ground is known to him.

But internally, the demesne is altogether a strange land, a terra incognita.

General Mountclair is an intensely proud man, mysterious in his ways, and reticent in his habits, as far as Blithside people are concerned.

He has hitherto kept them aloof—looking down on them and their affairs as altogether beneath notice.

Hilda Mountclair, his daughter, follows his example so far, that she is never very cordial to village folk—has never taken any special notice of them, and they have ceased to look for it.

Not that Mountclair has always been a desolate, howling wilderness.

Sometimes costly entertainments have taken place.

County people and officers have crowded there on grand occasions.

Blithside streets have resounded with the rattling of carriages, the tramping of horses.

Bright lights have flashed over the Mountclair grounds from bowers and arches, gay dance music has echoed from the windows, and marvellous tales have been told of the splendor of ladies' dresses, the pomp, the glitter, and the pride.

On other occasions, tenants of the estate and their families would be entertained on the lawn with ostentatious festivity; but to neither kind of entertainment were the Grimsdales admissible; not fashionable enough for the one, nor lowly enough for the other.

Owen had vivid remembrances of how often—as a youth—he had glanced in at the mysterious and sacred precincts, envying with a bitter envy those who had the right of entrance.

He walks in now with a firm step; his time has come at last.

His keen eye takes a rapid survey of the capabilities of the place.

What a sweep of velvety lawn there is—smooth, green, and fresh!

What magnificent old trees there are near the broad path that bounds the house on either side!

The mansion itself is in the Tudor style of architecture, and dates back to the sixteenth century.

It is built of red brick, darkened by time.

It has ornamented chimney shafts, and oriel windows.

It has corbelled mouldings, and traceried panels, oak doors and crumbling battlements.

One would imagine the owner of such a noble old place would hold it as a priceless treasure, to be handed down to descendants for all generations—and would never have allowed an outsider to lay a finger on the property.

Yet, here is the old General willing to mortgage it as though it were a terrace of sea-side lodging houses, or a mere nineteenth century imitation of the antique.

Any mushroom aspirant, who has gold enough, may insert the "thin end" of the legendary "wedge," and wait for wider openings by-and-by.

Does Owen Grimsdale think of this as he glances eagerly round, watching every turn of the way, every fresh glimpse of the prospect?

If so, his meditations are very soon dispersed.

His attention is suddenly arrested by a young lady who comes out of a conservatory with a small basket of bright-colored hot-house flowers in her hand.

"Miss Hilda Mountclair, I suppose," muses Owen.

He has often heard of her beauty—has seen her in the Hall pew of the village church, and now he watches her slowly advancing towards him.

She is tall, stately, handsome girl, with very dark hair, lustrous dark eyes, a pure creamy complexion, which has a tint that reminds one of warmer skies than those of English latitudes.

Her walk has the dignity of an empress, as she quietly steps forward, and gazes at the visitor.

Perhaps she is trying to discover who he is.

The tremulous flicker of leaves falls upon her uncovered head, and upon the pathway round and about her, forming a quivering frame of dancing light and shade.

Owen lifts his hat when she comes near, and she bows in return, with a questioning look on her face.

"Can I see General Mountclair?" Owen asks, presenting his card.

Hilda reads it aloud.

"'Mr. Owen Grimsdale.' The solicitor of Blithside, I suppose?"

"My father is the solicitor. I have brought these papers from him."

"I daresay papa can see you. He told me he is expecting some person on business. He is waiting in the library; and, if you go to the door at the centre of the terrace, one of the servants will direct you to him."

The lady passes on with a slight bow, profoundly indifferent whether Owen finds a servant to direct him or not.

She steps in at one of the door-like sashes that open on to the lawn at the southern front of the mansion.

Owen finds General Mountclair seated on a velvet-covered chair in the library.

The General is evidently waiting for the promised document.

His hair and beard are snow white, and his restless, eager eyes flash with impatience as he perceives a young man, instead of the Blithside solicitor.

"I expected Mr. Grimsdale, why has he not come?"

"I am his son, and have come in his place. Here is the document he promised to send."

"But you do not understand—it is impossible!"

"My father has explained all that was needful in these papers."

The General takes them with a slight gesture of irritability, and looks over them with feverish eyes, the fire in which strangely contradicts the expression of ill health and languor in his appearance.

He is a little like his daughter in the refined beauty of the upper part of his face, yet very unlike her in the weakness, the mobility, the indecision of his mouth—visible through the white moustache that covers it.

Presently he pushes the papers away.

"Your father knows my views exactly. I have explained fully to him, and I leave the details of the business entirely in his hands, for I do not pretend to understand it.

"Let him furnish the money, and I shall be satisfied."

"Am I to tell him this?"

"Do, if you please. And tell him to hurry matters.

"I am going abroad shortly with my daughter.

"In fact, I have pledged myself to be at Boulogne in a fortnight, and I can trust your father to manage the affair," he repeats nervously.

The interview does not last long.

Owen tells the General where to sign, watches the long, pale, trembling hand perform a scrawl that might be taken for Eastern hieroglyphics, and takes his departure.

The young man walks out the gates of Mountclair with a strange whirl of thought in his brain.

All he has seen has marvellously impressed him.

It is a glimpse of refined luxurious life, which, in surroundings, essence, and habit, seems altogether new and fresh in his experience.

The fitness, harmony, and beauty satisfy his fastidious taste.

It seems like something for which he has long yearned, but never before met.

He could breathe freely in those vast rooms, gaze with pleasure on the emerald sweep of lawn, on the tree-capped knolls, on the gardens, on the trim shrubberies, and the paths, with their alleys of solemn shade.

His sensuous appreciation of all rouses him to the feeling of enjoyment foreign to his usual nature.

It awakens a new ambition in his heart—vague, indistinct, and shadowy as a dream at present.

Yet capable of deepening and widening to a limitless degree.

He has many questions to ask his father about General Mountclair and his affairs that evening.

"You say Mountclair is not entailed?"

"Not a bit of it. The General may make 'ducks and drakes' of the place if he chooses, and he seems mue' inclined to do so."

"It is a splendid place."

"It was once; but it has seen its best days.

"When a man gives himself up to gambling, he is good for little else."

"Was the General's wife an English woman?" is Owen's next query.

"No, she was Spanish or French; I forget which."

"That accounts for it. I suppose Hilda is like her mother?"

"In what? Haughtiness, perhaps you mean?

"They are just alike in that respect, or rather the mother was a little worse."

"I mean in looks," corrects Owen impatiently.

"Well, yes. Hilda's mother was a fine woman, but proud."

"Is Hilda engaged?"

The lawyer turns round and looks at his son, wondering perhaps what interest he can have in such a question.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Broken Heart.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

THE gay morning was already dawning, when a miserable man turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a room within.

That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors and surrounded by friends.

But, alas! the social glass first lured him to indulgence, and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped on the landing, and asked in a tone of mingled anxiety and dread—

"Is that you, father?"

"Yes, and wet to the skin," said the man; "why ain't you abed and asleep?"

The little fellow shrank back from this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

"What are you standing there, gaping for?" said the man. "It's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up all night, to chime in, in the morning. Get to bed—do you hear?"

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with imploring looks, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have entered the room.

"Ain't you going to mind?" said the man; "give me the lamp, and go to bed."

"Oh, father, don't talk so loud," said the little fellow, bursting into tears. "You'll wake mother; she's been worse all day, and hasn't had sleep till now," and, as the man made an effort to snatch the lamp, the boy, losing all personal fears, in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path, and said, "You, mustn't; you mustn't go in."

"What does he mean?" broke out the inebriate, angrily. "This comes of leaving you to wait on your mother, till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule. Will you obey me? Take that!"

And, raising his hand, he struck the little sickly being to the floor, and strode into the room.

The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks.

The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaked through, dropping with a monotonous tick upon the bare floor.

A few broken chairs, a cracked looking-glass, and a three legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room.

But the most striking spectacle was directly before the drunkard.

On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily, who, thorugh poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth.

Oh, woman! thy constancy time cannot shake, nor misery subdue

Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly.

Year by year he had fallen lower into the sink of iniquity, and yet, through every mishap, that woman had clung to him; for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth.

It was a hard task to perform, but it was her duty, and when all the world had deserted him, should she, too, leave him?

She had borne much, but, alas! nature could endure no more.

Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken.

She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her—she was dying of a broken heart.

The noise made by her husband awoke her from a troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheeks, and a wild, flitful light shooting into her sunken eyes.

There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her countenance, but it was cold as moonlight upon the snow.

The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness?

The man, besides, was in a passion.

"Woman," said the wretch, as he reeled into the room, "is this the way to receive me, after having been out all day in the rain to get something for your child and you? Come, don't go to whining, I say."

But as his wife uttered a faint cry and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition.

He reeled a step or two forwards, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued—

"But why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpe before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and his tones quivered as he spoke.

It was the voice of his son, who was now sobbing violently, as he tried to raise her head in his little arms.

He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself.

He invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man; and he was sobered at once.

"Dead! dead! he continued, in a tone of horror; and, advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting in their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, and exclaimed—

"Then I have murdered her. Emily, Emily, you are not dead. Oh, speak, and forgive your repentant husband!"

And, kneeling by her bedside, he chafed her thin, white hand, watering it with his hot tears, as he sobbed her name.

These efforts at length partially restored her, and the first thing she saw, upon reviving, was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily."

It was the first time he had done so for years.

It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy vision of years long past.

She was back in her youthful days, before drink had blighted her once youthful husband, and when all was as joyous and bright as her own happy bosom.

Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his coarse language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth.

Oh, that moment of delight!

She threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed for joy.

"Forgive me—forgive me, Emily: I have been a brute—a villain. Oh, can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you."

"Charles," said the dying woman, in a tone as sweet and low. "I forgive you, and may God forgive you too."

The man only sobbed; his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him, too," murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in. I feel that I shall not see another sun."

A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh, no! you must not—will not die!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head.

She laid her wan hand on his, and continued feebly—

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour; and never, in the darkest moment, have I doubted that it would come, for I felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you, and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh, would it had come sooner. Some happiness might have been mine again in this world; but God's will be done! I am weak—I am failing fast. Henry give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers.

She kissed it, and then, laying it within her husband's, continued—

"Here is our child—our only born; when I am gone, he will have no one to take care of him but you; and as God is above, and you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh, remember, he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I care to live."

She paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings,

"Will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, I will!" sobbed the man.

And the frail bed upon which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, will love your father, and be a good boy; as you love your tender mother, you will?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck; "but, mother, what shall I do without you? Oh, don't die?"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing the child to her. "Father, give me strength to endure it."

For a few moments all was still.

Nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor.

The child was the first to move.

He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother; and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and, leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face.

Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in a low, mournful voice.

"Henry, Henry!" she said in a louder tone.

And then, after a second, added—

"Poor child, he doesn't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed.

He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying.

He was perplexed, and his throat choked a that he could not speak.

But he placed his hand in his mother's, and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son, nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine. Henry, love, I cannot see. Has the wind blown out the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say.

He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh, God," murmured the dying woman; her voice growing fainter; "this is death! Charles, Henry——"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back upon the pillow.

He knew it all at once.

He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

The shriek aroused the drunkard.

Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse.

He could not endure the look of the still, painted face.

He covered his face with his hands, and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years passed, and that man was once more a useful member of society.

But, oh, the dreadful price at which this reformation was purchased.

EASY OF RECOGNITION.—The following story is going the rounds of the English journals: A well-known actor in London called the other day to identify the body of a friend who had been found drowned. The person in charge of the mortuary asked if there was any distinctive mark by which he could recognise the body. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "he is deaf and dumb."

GIFTS.—In Queen Elizabeth's time the presentation of New Year's gifts to the sovereign was carried to such a degree as to make a very perceptible diminution in her annual expenses, for when a lady receives gold, jewelry, silver coin and ornaments to the value of thousands of pounds she cannot well spend as much as if she had not had them.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL ROPES.—Steel ropes as transmitters of power have a great advantage over shafts because the stress on the surface will be uniform, the velocity will be uniform, and may be at least 10 to 15 times as great as with shafts, say 100 feet per second; the rope is carried on pulleys, which may be at distances of 500 or 600 feet, so that the coefficient of friction will not be more than 0.015 instead of 0.04.

MANUFACTURED LEATHER.—The manufacture of "leatherboard" as a substitute for real leather for shoe stiffenings is an important industry in Maine. While the product has the color and quite the appearance of leather, yet these qualities have no leather in their composition, but are composed instead of hemp, flax and similar materials ground up and pressed into sheets by a somewhat similar process to that of the manufacture of paper. The manufacture affords a convenient opportunity for the disposal of old sails, cordage and other worn out materials into which the required ingredients have entered, and, as in the manufacture of paper, the product bears little apparent relation to any of its constituent parts.

FOUNTAIN PENS.—A pen that will obviate frequent applications to the ink-stand can be made with the utmost ease, and is said to be perfectly reliable. Two ordinary pens of the same pattern are inserted in one holder. The inner pen will perform the operation of writing while between it and the outer one a supply of ink will be reserved—the twin-pin having, of course, been dipped in the ink—which will be amply sufficient to write several pages of manuscript, though the rate of writing will materially affect the quantity of work that can be performed with one supply of ink. It is not necessary that two pens should be very close together, but should the ink not flow freely enough, the points may be brought nearer by using a tiny rubber or bit of thread.

METALIZATION OF WOOD.—This process, which has lately been invented in France, consists in soaking the wood in caustic alkali for two or three days at a temperature of from one hundred and sixty seven to one hundred and ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit. At the the expiration of this time, the wood is placed in another bath, of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which is added, after twenty-four hours, a concentrated solution of sulphur. In forty-eight hours the wood is immersed in a third bath, of acetate of lead, at a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit for thirty to fifty hours. When it is quite dry, it is capable of receiving a wonderful polish, and looks like a metal mirror. Wood treated in this way is practically indestructible, and never decays with damp.

Farm and Garden.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF LEAVES.—At the last sitting of the Academy of Science, a paper was read, on the question whether the leaves of trees are good for manure? which is answered in the affirmative, because forest trees as well as copse wood receive no other manure but the leaves that fall and rot on the spot; if these leaves were removed every year, vegetation would diminish considerably in the forest.

VINES AND THE HOUSE.—It is now said there is no truth in the popular idea that vines allowed to climb against a house will make it damp. Keep them cut down below the roof so that they do not choke the gutters and there will be no trouble from this source. Beside the beauty they give to an otherwise plain and perhaps unpainted house, the cottage covered with vines will possess the advantage of greater coolness in summer and increased warmth in the winter.

SHEEP.—To keep the flock thriving and healthy is a matter of the highest importance. In order to do this, regular and careful inspection is necessary, as well as drained pastures and comfortable quarters. The shepherd who is constantly familiar with the condition of his stock, being careful to separate sickly animals from all the others, and taking all pains to secure and promote health and thrift, deserves and will secure the highest success belonging to his business.

THE BIRDS.—A French naturalist says: "The Almighty created birds to protect the grain, vegetables, trees and fruit against the ravages of the insect tribe. For every bird that dies millions of insects are spared from death, and millions of insects mean famine." The people of this country will ere long see the advantage of protecting all insect destroying birds. By the way we have just read that members of the Dickey Bird Society—80,000 children in the north of England—are pledged to feed birds in winter, and protect them all the year round. A good example for our young folks.

THE HORSE.—As to the practicability of horses being worked unshod, everything depends upon the character of the pastures and the roads. A shoeless horse would soon become worthless on some roads, but on soft, sandy roads, that are free from stones, it may not be injurious to allow them to go unshod, but such horses should be free from blemish in the feet. Quarter cracks and split hoofs are signs that is too late to try the method, but as the colts usually have sound feet, the trial may be made in that direction. Our horses should be free from shoes if the thing be possible.

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THE ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE.

To declare that work is the order of the universe is but to state a truism. Nature has ever preached, with all the force of her eloquent example, the dignity of labor in the world. And in this 19th century her voice falls on many heedful ears.

If application be necessary for success in politics, it is, at least, equally important in the region of literature. From across two centuries comes the voice of one of the grandest singers and workers, reminding us of his arduous training for the race to which music had called him.

"Thy heart the lowliest duties on itself did lay," was the admiring tribute of one who, in later years, ran the long course in his footsteps.

That in each case the goal was nobly reached, we, who reverence the memory of Milton and of Wordsworth, know full well.

From the kingdom of literature we pass to that of art. Here the old truth meets us. The richest clusters of grapes have been produced by the hardest toilers in the vineyard.

Ruskin, when recording the attributes of the true artist, did not fail to emphasize that of industry. He anticipated objection from those who would recall clever men who were indolent, and dull ones who were laborious, and answered:

"You have known clever men indolent, but not a great man indolent."

The world of science is eminently a world of energy. Truth, the mighty goddess whom men of science pursue, is found only by those who are heart and soul in earnest in the search.

Each department in life teaches the same lesson. The highest honors are always reserved for those who unite genius with diligence.

But it is not only with possessors of genius—not only or chiefly with winners of worldly reputation—that we have here to do. Genius is rare; the necessity for work is universal.

True work must have a true object; and while the grim triumvirate, ignorance, pain, and care multiply their captives, and while the power to help, even in the smallest measure, is given into our hands, worthy motives for labor need not be very far to seek.

For every man—however insignificant his life may appear—a special task is provided, and, in the doing of it, no one can supply his place. It is for him to discover what the task is, and then to set himself with earnestness and with modesty to perform it. The corner of the world that is given him to cultivate may be an unnoticed one.

What then? He makes his work, great or small, by the spirit in which he undertakes it. The jagged stones of petty daily annoyances lie along his path; few realize his difficulties; and none, perhaps, applaud his efforts to surmount his difficulties; and none, perhaps, applaud his efforts to surmount them.

But self-respect will reward his courage, though fame may ignore his name. And looking out into the far future he rejoices in the truth that his puny endeavors are aiding a mighty object; he dimly discerns an ideal state of civilization and happiness to be brought about by the federated efforts of individual men along the course of the ages.

In the field of the world there is room for the labor of all. The loiterers by the wayside may plead that they do no harm to their fellow-men; our accusation is that they do no good. It is not enough for the rose to say, "I have not scattered poison around." Its mission is to shed perfume.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SENATOR PLUMB said in the Senate the other day that the United States army of 25,000 men costs within half a million of the sum spent upon the German army of 400,000 men, so that what the United States army lacks in numbers it makes up in pay. "Ours," he said, "is the best paid army in the world."

—

A PAPER recently read before the French Academy of Medicine, expressed the writer's conviction that one in every five thousand persons is buried alive. This estimate, however exaggerated, is not calculated to allay an apprehension which is conspicuous among the French people, and which was lately brought to public attention by the declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries, that express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the lid of the coffin is screwed down.

—

No water that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed many of the dust germs floating in the apartment. If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessels are tight. Whenever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered. Excessive potations, whether of water or other fluid, relax the stomach, impair its secretions, and paralyze its movements. By drinking a little at a time, the injury is avoided.

—

A PROFOUND political economist connected with the University of Berlin, tells his classes that the nation which will finally take the lead in the world will be the one which will annually raise the largest amount of the best fertilizers. The virgin soils of America, Africa, and the great islands of the sea will be all brought into cultivation in the course of the next century or two, and all the nations will have steam, electricity, and a whole patent office of labor-saving machines. Then the balance will lean towards the people that can put into the soil the best and the most fertilizing ingredients.

—

THE English census of 1881 in reference to the employment of women, shows some interesting comparisons with that of 1871, and brings into clearer light the advance of the sex during the last decade. There were 3,403,918 women employed in 1881, and of these 1,258,285 were engaged in domestic service. During the decade 89 women were graduated as medical practitioners, school teachers increased 34 per cent. in numbers, 614 women were returned as in literary callings, though in 1871 no females were returned; musicians increased from 7,056 to 11,376; 2,368 actresses are now on the boards, against 1,698 in 1871; there are 1,880 female painters now, whereas there were but 1,069 in 1871, and 7,169 women have given themselves to religious work, whereas the number in 1871 was 5,068.

—

AT a meeting in New York, a few days ago, of the New York County Medical Association, a physician, by a series of diagrams and practical illustrations, gave a simple remedy for weak ankles, knock knees, bowed legs, raised shoulders, and curved spines. His remedy is: "Apply a little common sense to the sole of the boot." When the inner ankle-bone protrudes and causes a weak ankle, remove the weight from the protruding part. To do this the sole on the inner side of the boot must be raised a little. By this means the inner ankle-bone would be thrown into its proper place, and made strong. To cure knock knees, raise the inner side of the soles of both boots; and to straighten bowed legs, raise the boot-soles on the outer edges. In case the left shoulder is higher than the right, add a thickness of sole leather to the bottom of the right boot, thus lengthening the leg. Curvature of the spine in children and young people may be cured in the same way.

—

THE "leather" guns of old, barrels of leather bound with iron hoops, are to find an imitation in cannons of silk and steel. A German inventor proposes to wrap a steel tube with silk until a diameter is attained corresponding with the ballistic power which is required for the cannon. For any given diameter, silk possesses a tenacity like that of the best-tempered steel, and has the advantage of a superior elasticity. After the tube has been made it is centered upon a lathe which turns with a great angular velocity. Above and parallel with the tube are arranged a number of spools of silk, which cover the surface in the form of a helix, by means of guides, without leaving any space between the threads. When the desired thickness has been obtained, the silk is coated with gutta percha or hardened caoutchouc, in order to preserve it from air and dampness. The silk being a bad conductor of heat, the gun can be fired very often without getting hot, and it is stated that it can be more easily managed, since its weight is only one-third as great as if it were all steel.

—

WHEN you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowing; an encouraging expression, light as the air, will do it, at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will till you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream that leads to eternity. By the most simple arithmetic, look at the result, if you send one person, only one, through the day—that is three hundred and sixty five in the course of the year; and suppose you live only forty years after you commenced that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and by far too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

—

IT is unfortunately one of the chief characteristics of modern business to be always in a hurry. In olden times it was different. Business of all kinds was carried on with much deliberation, and nothing was gained, or supposed to be gained, by that sort of high-pressure work which consists in being perpetually and impetuously hasteful. The habit of haste—for it is a habit—is actively cultivated in the city of London, and in all places and circles which follow the fashion "the city" has set. The moment a lad takes his seat on the lowest stool before the lowest desk of a house of business, he begins to make believe to others, and too quickly to himself, that he is overwhelmed with work. Merchants and managers require this farce to be played by every one in their establishments, from the heads of departments to the youngest boy on the staff. The result is the formation of a "mental habit" of hurrying, which before long becomes the keynote and motive of the whole life, eventually bringing disaster in its train.

—

A POPULAR method of hunting has been recently introduced. It never results in the death or even the maiming of fish, flesh, or fowl, yet all three may be easily bagged. The weapon used is a great invention called the gun camera. It consists of a small camera mounted on a gun-stock and provided with sights and triggers. Its ammunition is chemicals instead of powder and lead. It is both breech and muzzle-loading, is light and simple in construction, and is used like an ordinary shot-gun. When a bird rises, it must be brought to the shoulder, a dead aim taken at the feathered object, and the trigger pulled. There is a slight shock as of an explosion, the bird flies on to cover unharmed, leaving its picture on the sensitive plate in the camera. It is all done in a moment of time. The plate is removed, another inserted, and the hunter is ready for the next object. The amateur may go forth with two dry plates as his stock of ammunition. If he fire with precision at any stationary or moving object, he may be absolutely sure of bringing it down.

—

IF we throw away the theological explanation of the mystery of man's being and destiny, there is none other to seek or be found. We give up the problem as insolvable by the human mind, and the mystery becomes more profound, more baffling, and more distressing. The fashionable agnosticism is simply a confession of inability to solve the great enigma of existence. It says we do not know and cannot find the key, and therefore it is useless to hunt for it. But the human mind is so constituted that it can never give up the quest. If the reason is baffled, the imagination insists on coming in to carry forward the exploration. Accordingly, instead of supplanting religion, science is making religion all the more necessary as a relief and a refuge from the torture of futile attempts to solve with the reason what the reason cannot grasp. Men may not care so much for theological dogma, but they will cherish religious sentiment the more carefully. They will not be content to live like the beasts that perish, without aspiration and without hunger for spiritual food, and they will not be able to do so.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

A and B are striving to be rich.
A strives hard with willing hands and brain,
B swears, "O no, I'll try some other hitch
Of labor's lot, I'm anything but fain.

The fickle goddess may upon me smile,
Her favors grant altho' I earn them not
For those who shirk will often sweep the pile,
When busy hands are seemingly forgot."

A falters not in sunshine or in storm,
Defeat but makes him bold and stronger still,
To strike the metal when its glowing warm,
And riper makes his firm unyielding will.

He vows, "I'll pound and not be pounded on:
I am no anvil for the fates to use,
Grit, brawn, and brain have highest laurels won,
And make a way for all who sternly choose."

A gained wealth and honor and respect
From all life's tussles he the victor came
A brave and pushing heart the architect,
That made him rich in station and in name.

B's clothes are out, and thro' his airy shoes,
His toes stare up with naked cold contempt;
He growls and growls and ceaseless, sadly rues
The facts till now he never learned or dreamt.
Waiting he finds is not the wisest plan,
For luck may fail when pluck rewards the man.

The Braggart.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"WELL, my dear Clarice, when do you expect this tiger-hunting, lion-hearted friend of yours?"

"Not quite so sarcastic, if you please, Mr. Stanton. It is just like you men, though, who would run away from a mouse, to speak slightingly of a brave man."

"Is Mr. Williams really so brave?" asked pretty Lizzie Wallace, in astonishment.

"Why, Miss Wallace, is it possible you are incredulous?" said Walter Stanton, kindly answering for Clarice.

"As far as I understand, the man who is about to honor us with his pretence, throws Cæsar, of world renown, in the shade."

Clarice Hamilton elevated her pretty nose.

"Why, Lizzie, when Ralph was in Africa—he is a great traveler, you know—he killed over so many lions. I wish papa was at home, he would show you some of his letters."

"Oh! what a blessing, Will, that papa is not at home," said Walter Stanton to his friend Will Harris, who was listening to the conversation with an amused smile.

"If I must listen to this subject much longer, I'll have to order my coffin," said Mr. Stanton as he rose from his lounging position on the sofa.

"No one is asking you to listen, Mr. Stanton. Will, I would advise you to keep a strict watch over Lizzie, when Ralph Williams makes his appearance. Now, Lizzie, you needn't look so innocent. I know you'll fall in love with him, for he is just the sort of man women go wild about.

"I haven't seen him since I was a child—then he wasn't much more than a mere boy; but from his letters to papa, you know, I can just imagine what a tall, stalwart, handsome, dashing——"

"For Heaven's sake, Clarice, cut your adjectives short?" said Walter, with a look of horror.

"And, Will, pack your valise; for if the advent of the brave stranger is going to set these two young ladies wild, we had better make our exit at once. Women are trying enough to a fellow's nerves in their tamest mood; but when it comes to wild women—oh, may Heaven deliver us."

"My dear Walter, do not allow yourself to be so easily frightened. I feel so deeply interested in Mr. Ralph Williams and his adventures, that I couldn't be tempted to leave," answered Will.

"I wish you would try to correct that very impolite habit you have, Walter, of interrupting me every time I speak. As I was saying, Lizzie, I can imagine what a brave, handsome, adventurous man he is. There is one thing certain, my dear; if you wont fall in love with him, I will."

And, with a malicious glance at Walter, Clarice turned the piano stool upon which she was seated, and dashed off a lively air.

Next day Ralph Williams the distinguished guest arrived.

Mr. Hamilton was away from home, and not expected to return for a couple of weeks.

But Clarice, who, with the assistance of her grandmother, managed her father's household affairs, received his friend with the hospitality for which she was ever remarkable.

Lizzie Wallace was quite disappointed with Mr. Williams' appearance; and from the same course Clarice's spirits lowered several degrees, and she wished that provoking Walter Stanton would look somewhere else than at her.

"I feel more interested than ever in Mr. Williams. What an elegant appearance he has for one that has led such a rough life," said Will Harris, when Mr. Williams was shown up to his room.

"Kind of bandboxified, eh Will?" said Walter, with a grimace.

Whatever disappointment the young ladies experienced on first seeing Mr. Ralph Williams, vanished that evening as they sat listening to him narrate his terrible adventures with lions, tigers, bears, and savages.

They were fairly in raptures with his brave deeds.

Poor dears, who could blame them?

What woman was ever known to go in raptures over a timid man.

Clarice looked exultingly at Walter, who was regarding the brave Ralph with an awe-struck countenance.

"You are silenced for once, sir," thought Clarice; and ah, how she longed to tell him so.

But pray don't deceive yourself, little Clarice.

Mr. Stanton was struggling bravely to hold his tongue; for if he did speak, he would be sorely tempted to ask your hero "where he buried all his dead."

Will Harris was a lover of out-door sport. He had been deeply interested in Mr. Williams' stories.

As he listened to some of them, a droll smile would pass over his face, and he would like to ask Mr. Williams a few questions; but not for worlds would he throw cold water on the ladies' enthusiasm.

The week that followed, Walter and Will found themselves shamefully neglected.

The brave Ralph was feasted and petted to his heart's content.

A party was given in honor of his presence, and the lion-hearted gentleman found himself the lion of the evening; and with the greatest *nonchalance*, as a matter of course, he accepted all homage paid him.

"Look here, Will, I can't stand this any longer," said Walter Stanton to his friend, the day after the party. "I thought at first Clarice was only trying to annoy me, but I think now she will make a fool out of herself if something isn't done."

"Ha, ha! my friend; so you are really beginning to 'scare.' Well, what do you propose doing? What you advised a week ago—pack our valises, and leave the field clear to Ralph *Cœur de Lion*?"

"No, sir; not if I know myself, and I think I do. I've been thinking the matter over, Will, and with your help I think we can relieve ourselves of this intolerable bore, and at the same time cure the young ladies of their love for adventuresome men."

"Have you decided on going to the city to-day?" asked Lizzie Wallace, at the breakfast table, next morning.

"Yes; we go by the ten o'clock train. We may get back to-night and we may not. If we do, it will be very late," answered Will.

"There was a shocking robbery about a mile up the road, last night," said Walter, quietly.

"A robbery!" cried Clarice's grandmother.

"Yes, an awful robbery. I met a laborer this morning who lives up that way, and he told me they even went so far as to disguise themselves in animals' skins."

"In animals' skins?" echoed Lizzie Wallace, her face ghastly pale. "Surely, you are not going to stay away all night, Will, and such characters in the neighborhood?"

"Why, Little, you are forgetting that Mr. Williams will be here," said Clarice.

"You are quite right, Clarice. Lizzie speaks unthinkingly at times," said Will. "You are very fortunate, ladies, in having such a brave man to protect you."

Mr. Williams inclined his head in acknowledgment of the compliment, and Will continued—

"But it is not very likely that the robbers will again trouble this neighborhood with their presence, after the hubbub they have created by this time."

"This disguising themselves in animals' skins is regular savage fashion, is it not, Mr. Williams?" asked Walter.

"Well, yes," drawled Ralph, who didn't seem to relish such a story at breakfast; "but I hope the ladies will not allow such foolish stories to trouble them. All that sort of thing is well enough in novels, but in every day life it wont do."

Mr. Williams had quite forgotten that not a week ago he had told how he had shot two robbers disguised in animals' skins.

But, then, Mr. Williams told so many interesting little stories, how could he be expected to remember them all?

Walter and Will started for the city.

All day, in Mr. Williams' delightful company, the girls forgot all about the robbers; but when night came, and they were about to retire, Lizzie, who was very timed, remembered the awful story of robbers masquerading in animals' skins, and refused to sleep alone.

"Oh, you silly girl! Come then, and sleep with me. If I had thought about the robbers, though, I would not have given John permission to remain away all night," said Clarice, seriously.

"You surely didn't allow the coachman to go away for the night, Clarice?"

"But, Lizzie, Ralph is here. I wouldn't be afraid to sleep in a wood surrounded by savages if Ralph Williams was near me."

Long after the girls retired they lay awake.

Lizzie was restless.

She couldn't sleep herself, nor would she allow Clarice to sleep.

"Oh, Clarice! hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Why, it sounded like a muffled footstep," and Lizzie trembled like an aspen.

"Oh, Lizzie, do try to go to sleep; you're dreaming!"

"No, I am not. Listen!—there, did you hear that?"

Clarice did hear it, and she was up like a flash, donned her dressing-gown and slippers, and when she had the lamp blazing, Lizzie followed her example, too frightened to remain in bed.

There was nothing cowardly about Clarice—but who could be cowardly and Ralph Williams within calling distance?—and, lamp in hand, she softly unlocked the door.

"For Heaven's sake, Clarice, don't go out. You'll be murdered."

"Keep still, Lizzie; it may be nothing, after all. If there is anything wrong, I am so glad the servants won't hear it, they sleep on the top floor, for if there was any racket this time of night grandma would be frightened to death."

Just as Clarice finished speaking, there was a loud noise, as if something were accidently overturned in the lower part of the house.

Lizzie screamed, and Clarice, with a frightened face, closed the door.

"Now, Lizzie, if you scream like that again, I'll let the house be robbed. Why, you'll have everyone in the house up, and frighten the robbers away into the bargain."

And do you wish to keep the robbers here, Clarice?"

"Why, no; but if you'll only stop giving those unearthly screams, I'll go and quietly wake Ralph, and he will trap every one of them. Then what will Walter and Will say?"

And, with an exultant air, Clarice again opened the door, passed lightly along the landing, and knocked softly on Ralph's door.

"Mr. Williams! Mr. Williams!" called Clarice, excitedly, "there are robbers in the house."

"Robbers in the house," echoed a voice from within; and in a few moments the brave Ralph stood before her, looking a far more pitiable object than Lizzie Wallace. "Good Heaven! What's the matter, Miss Clarice?"

"Oh, take the lamp, Mr. Williams! The robbers are downstairs."

"The robbers! Oh, I—I—what shall I do? I haven't my revolver here."

"Oh, never mind the revolver! Go down and see what it is," said Lizzie, coming out, and clinging to Clarice.

Mr. Williams reached the head of the stairs, put his foot down one step, and then stood still.

"Oh, do go on, Mr. Williams!" cried Clarice impatiently. "Never mind us, we will go with you. We would rather go than remain here, wouldn't we, Lizzie?"

"I think I would rather remain here," said Lizzie moving back towards her room.

Ralph leaned over the balluster in a listening attitude.

Not a sound came from below.

If any robbers had been in the house, they had heard the voices above and fled; and our hero thought he might venture down in safety.

Down one flight of stairs he went, followed by Clarice. All was still.

"I think the noise came from the parlors," whispered Clarice.

Down the parlor steps he went, leaving Clarice standing at the top.

He stood in the hall.

Just then the sound of pattering feet reached Clarice's ears, and the next moment with an unearthly yell, the brave Ralph came flying up the stairs.

"Robbers disguised as goats, with lanterns in their mouths!" he gasped, as he fairly threw the lamp into Clarice's hands, and, running on, he never stopped until he gained his own room.

"Here, what's all this noise about?" exclaimed Walter Stanton, coming out of his room followed by Will.

"Oh, Walter! oh, Will! Clarice is down there. I suppose the robbers have murdered her."

And Lizzie fell fainting into Will's arms.

Walter flew down the stairs, and there stood Clarice, stupefied with horror, where Ralph Williams had left her.

"Clarice, my love, what ails you!"

And Walter's arm was around her.

"Oh, Walter! a band of robbers, disguised as goats," was all that Clarice could say, as she pointed below.

"Nonsense, my dear. Be a brave little girl; give me the lamp, and I will soon see what it is."

"No, no, Walter, don't go down; they'll murder you."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; there's no danger," said Walter, descending the stairs.

Walter could well afford to be brave; for didn't Will and himself arrange all this business to suit their own liking?

"Well, what a tempest in a teapot, to be sure!" cried Walter, as he came running up the stairs.

"What is it?" cried Clarice; Walter's smiling face giving her courage.

"Why, you little simpleton, your neighbor's goat got into the kitchen, somehow, and he is doing his best to get rid of a lantern someone has tied on his neck. But where is our friend Williams? I——"

"Don't mention him to me," cried Clarice, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, Clarice," said Walter, putting his arm around her, and leading her upstairs.

"Oh, Walter! I thought you and Will were in the city."

"So we were, my dear. We have not been in the house more than an hour, but we were very tired, and soon fell asleep."

Lizzie recovered from her fainting fit; and grandma Hamilton was still bathing her face with lavender water as Clarice and Walter entered.

"Oh, Lizzie! he's the greatest coward that ever lived."

"Please don't mention him, Clarice."

And Lizzie covered her face with her hands.

Early next morning the brave Ralph remembered that there was important business in London that needed his presence at once.

There was a double wedding shortly after; and Walter and Will behaved magnanimously by never alluding again to that brave man in the presence of their pretty wives.

In The Coach.

BY JOHN FROST.

ONCE upon a time, having a bit of money left me by an uncle, I found myself better off than I ever had been before, and a thought came to me to make myself better off still.

"Peggy," says I to my wife, "what do you think of buying a coach and a pair of horses, and setting up on my own account? There's a lot of money to be made by a smart man with people going home from balls and theatres, and rainy Sundays at fashionable churches, when the ladies come out without umbrellas. If you say so, Peggy, I'll spend my windfall on a coach and horses."

Says Peggy—

"Do, Simon; it's a grand idea."

So I did.

I went out the next day and began to look for what I wanted.

I'd been examining a fine pair of horses, and was nearly ready to make a bargain, when a tall gentleman, with the hollowest cheeks and most miserable countenance I ever saw, touched me on the arm.

"My man," said he you are looking for a coach and horses?"

"Yes, sir, I am," I said.

"I can show you what you want, if you'll come with me," said he.

I looked at him a moment.

His face was such a face as I never saw before.

I couldn't help it.

But he was splendidly dressed, and had a diamond on his finger; a rich man I should have thought.

"I'm looking for a coach and horses, such as a poor man can afford to drive for a living," said I. "It's for myself, sir."

"Yes, yes," said he walking on in a hurry, "yes, yes; but, you don't object to a handsome carriage and horses that are something to be proud of?"

"I might object to the price, sir," said I.

"Look here, my man," said he, not looking at me, but away at nothing as it seemed, "now and then a man of means—a man considered rich by his friends—wants ready money. In that case he'd rather have it at once than wait for more.

"Haggling with dealers don't suit me. I'd rather make a private, quiet sort of sale, and if you don't make a talk about it, why, you shall have the horses at your own price—the carriage too. You know I don't want my selling them talked over."

"I see, sir," said I.

And I thought I did.

"All is not gold that glitters," says I to myself. "Here is a swell in difficulties."

And by that time we were at the door of a handsome house, and he opened it with his latch-key, and took me through a hall to his garden, out of which opened a stable and carriage-house.

Well, he had a pair of the best steppers, I ever saw, and a carriage that was a beauty, I can tell you.

"There's a stain on one of the cushions," said he. "We broke a bottle of port wine there the other day. You won't mind that much, I daresay; and now name your price and take your bargain."

It was a bargain, for I named much less than they were worth; and I paid my money, and he gave me a receipt, and I drove away as proud as a peacock.

That night I went to the railway to wait for passengers, and picked up a young clergyman with a lot of baggage who wanted to go the H——.

He got in, and I drove away, and nothing happened on the road; but when he alighted at the door of the house he was going to, he said, gravely—

"I made no objection, on account of its being a lady coachman, but persons do not usually except to the passengers, if they pay full price."

"Other passengers, sir?" said I. "I don't understand you."

"The young woman," said he, "who is asleep in the coach."

"She's got in unbeknown to me," says I. "I'll see about it."

"No disturbance on *my* account," says he.

And then the house door opened, and his friends came out."

"I beg you'll not consider that I objected," he said.

And then the house-door closed.

It was quite dark and I could not see anyone in the carriage when I put my head in.

Then I struck a match.

There one inside.

"Is that his joke," said I to myself, "or is he a lunatic?"

Then I banged the door to, mounted and drove off.

And all next day I drove my coach, and made a good thing by it, and at night I went to the station again.

This time I took up two ladies with bags and bundles, who were in a hurry.

So I drove on fast.

We'd gone a good way when I felt a signal to stop, and did so.

"Well, ma'am?" says I looking into the coach.

"Oh!" said one of the ladies, in a faint voice. "Oh, I am so glad you've heard at last. We've been pulling and calling over so long. We're frightened to death. What is the matter with this lady?"

"What lady?" said I.

"Why this one," said she. "How do we know but it's something catching—she's so ill."

"If she's ill, you'd better get her home to her friends," said I. "She looked well enough when you got in."

"Maybe it's a faint," said she. "Oh, do come and help us, we're so frightened."

I got down off my box and opened the door of the carriage.

Out flew both of my passengers, pale as ghosts.

"Well, ladies, which of you is ill?" said I.

"Neither of us," said one. "The lady who was in the carriage when we got in."

"I think she's dead" said the other.

"There's nobody in the carriage," said I, "but you two ladies."

"Maybe someone has put her in while your back was turned," said the eldest lady.

I looked into the coach.

"Just prove it to yourselves," said I, lighting a match. "No one here."

"There isn't," said the eldest lady; "but there was."

"Pshaw!" said I. "Either of you ladies near-sighted?"

"No," said the youngest, "neither of us; and I saw a woman plainly; and I for one won't go into that coach again."

"I can't be fooled that way," said I.

But the eldest lady stopped me by paying full fare down, and telling me to set her trunks on the pavement.

"I'd rather sit on them all night," said she, "than ride in that thing again."

"The lunatics are all coming to these parts," said I.

But after all I lost nothing by these two—still somehow, I didn't speak of them to Peggy.

The next day all was right, and at night I took some people to a ball—a carriage full of them, and back the same way.

The next day a lady and gentleman engaged the carriage, and when we had gone some distance the gentleman stopped me.

"Driver," he said, getting out, "I want to speak to you. Why did you admit a lady to our carriage?"

"Sir," said I. "I had no right without your permission, and I did not."

"We found one there," said he; and naturally my wife don't like it. We've spoken to her and she doesn't answer. Perhaps she's ill."

Meanwhile the lady alighted.

I looked in.

"There's no one there," said I; "no one at all."

"I see there is not," said the gentleman, "but——"

"Oh, James, don't get in again," said the lady. "We've only a little way to walk now."

And they, too, paid their fare and left me.

"This is getting queer," said I to myself.

And again I did not tell Peggy, though I wished to.

But what should happen next evening, but that coming home, I saw my own wife walking on the pavement.

She'd been to spend the evening at her mother's.

"Take me home, Simon," says she.

"Jump in," says I, and away we drove, when suddenly Peggy called to me—

"Simon, Simon!"

"Well?" says I.

"Let me out Simon," says she.

"Why?" says I.

"I'll tell you," says she.

Then I lighted down and opened the door for her.

"I ain't going to ride with such characters as that," said she. "Besides, her looks scare me, she's white as a corpse."

"Characters?" said I.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a passenger?" said she.

"'Cause I hadn't," said I.

"There's a woman there," said she, "such a strange-looking woman. No good in her, I'm sure. And when I said, 'Excuse me, ma'am, I didn't know there was a passenger in my husband's carriage when I asked him to take me,' she didn't say anything; and when I said, 'a fine night,' she didn't answer—such airs."

"I tell you there ain't any woman there," said I. "What ails you all?"

"What ails me is, I'll go home in the bus," says Peggy.

And she did,

That night she stuck to it there was a woman in the coach.

I stuck to it there wasn't, and we had our first tiff.

Well, nothing happened for awhile, but one rainy night I was waiting for passengers at a theatre door, and I bethought me to get into the coach for shelter.

I got in and sat close up in the corner, and in a minute fell asleep.

It couldn't have been a long nap, but when I awoke, there was someone sitting opposite me.

I saw by the light of a street lamp that it was a woman.

She was wrapped up in a great white shawl or something, and was pale as death.

"Excuse me, ma'am," says I. "We drivers have a hard life of it, and get pretty well tired out. I fell asleep without meaning to. Where shall I take you?"

She did not answer.

I saw now that her eyes were shut, and I thought by her look she had fainted.

Then I leaned forward and touched her—or tried to, for I felt nothing—nothing like flesh; but all of a sudden it was as if my blood was made of pickles, and my arms were jerked backwards, and I turned so numb I couldn't move.

By the time that I felt like myself again, there was no one in my carriage but myself, and I know that, whatever my passengers had seen there, I had at last seen it with my own eyes.

I sold coach and horses next day, and in selling them I had to show the bill of sale, so to speak, I had from their old owner.

"Mr. Greenbaugh?" says the dealer, "Mr. Oliver Greenbaugh? Well, well, you know what's happened to him, don't you?"

"No," said I, "I don't. Failed, perhaps?"

"No," said the dealer. "He's under arrest for murder.

"Rather a wild young man he's been, they say, and of course, there was a lady in the case—one of those hysterical bodies that give a man trouble.

"They say he killed her—drove her out himself one day to a lonely place, and killed her in the carriage, and left her body in the road.

"The man who drove for him says he was sent to clean a wine stain off the cushions one day, but he didn't believe it was wine at the time.

"Now he knows it was blood, and he said——"

There he stopped.

"I say, maybe this is the carriage," he cried.

"Maybe it is," said I; "but you've bought it now. I'm rid of it."

"And it's none of my affair," said he.

He new-cushioned the trap next day, and I've never heard of the lady being seen in it by the stylish family that bought it.

But I'd not drive it again for a kingdom; no, not I.

Little Sunshine.

BY JOHN FROST

MRS. RICHARD FORSYTH had just finished her breakfast, and was reclining in her invalid's chair stroking a grey and black tabby with one jeweled hand, and with the other rustling the leaves of a book in a listless, absent way, when her friend Lottie Weatherel, bustled into the room, shaking the cool, pure breath of the outer world from every fold of her dress, and looking the embodiment of health, hope, and happiness.

"Good morning, dear," she said, with a little vicious glance at tabby. "I hope you're in a gracious mood, for I coming to ask a favor."

"A favor?" sighed the invalid. "You know it is granted already. What is it?"

"I want you to walk with me to the park, and really enjoy an hour of this perfect day."

Mrs. Forsyth's hands went up in holy horror, and before she had got back the breath surprise had taken, Lottie had finished her sentence, and was choosing a stout suit from the boudoir wardrobe, with the freedom of an old friend, and the persistency of one whose mind was fully made up.

"Why, Lottie, you are crazy!" Mrs. Forsyth exclaimed. "I haven't walked so far in a year."

"All the greater reason why you should begin now.

"I tell you what it is, Lou, there's no cosmetic like fresh air, and its accompanying healthful state of spirits.

"You sit here day after day, nursing your ailments of body and mind, and growing sallow wrinkled, and faded, when you might keep yourself young and pretty, if you only would.

"The fact is, you are perishing for lack of enjoyment, just like hundreds of fashionable women, and you'd feel better, look better, and be better, if you only had some good work to do—some work that you could just put your heart in, and let it grow strong as well as tender."

Mrs. Forsyth sighed.

She was used to her friend's preaching, as she termed Lottie's plain, unvarnished statement of facts, and she really loved her too well to take offence.

But Lottie Weatherel had never seemed so terrible in earnest before, and the half broken-down woman beside her was too indolent for argument, or even opposition.

"Maybe you are right," she said wearily. "I don't amount to a great deal, I know, and sometimes I think the world would be better off without me.

"But I've no ambition, Lottie. I take so little interest in anything—scarcely any at all—and yet nine-tenths of the women in the world would be proud of a place and name like mine."

"If you had half a dozen children to keep you happy and wise," Lottie said, abruptly; "or even a child that you loved, it would be so different—your life, I mean, dear Lou; so much broader and better so much richer and sweeter."

Mrs. Forsyth was silent, but a hungry, pleading look flashed into her blue eyes, and across her faded face.

The mother-love was strong within her, but the crown of motherhood had not been fashioned for her, it seemed, and though she loved her husband in a weak selfish way, as weak women usually do, her life seemed useless, and she had been tempted to fling it from her, and be for ever at rest.

Poor Mrs. Forsyth!

* * * * * *

The park had never been more quietly sweet than on that day.

The wind with gentle hand tossed the light leaves hither and thither through the sunshine that seemed to have dropped out of June, so warm and bright it was, and the twitter of sparrows, the voices of children, filled the air with melody.

Very distinctive beings in appearance were the two ladies who sat on one of the benches, watching the play of the children on every hand.

The face of one was like the day that blessed the world—bright, peaceful, and full of strength, that of the other, old before its time, faded and furrowed by discontent and by fancied rather than by real illness, and all the winning tenderness of its early time buried under, if not for ever, obliterated by, a cold and cruel selfishness.

"Your walk hasn't hurt you, has it, Lou?" Miss Weatherel asked.

"Perhaps not," admitted the matron, "but I'll be worse for it to morrow, I am sure."

"No you won't; you'll feel a year younger, and look it too," persisted the girl. "Come here baby," turning and holding out her hand to a four-year old at play with the leaves and the sands a yard or so away.

The child looked up, tossing its short flaxen curls back, deliberated a moment, or seemed to, then tripped gaily towards the outstretched hand, laughing, and saying—

"I know oo! I know oo!"

Just the least little flush leaped into Miss Weatherel's face, as she lifted the child to her lap, but she looked away from Mrs. Forsyth, silent for a moment. Then—

"You're a dear little thing," she said. "Did ever you see such beautiful eyes, Lou, as hers?"

"Yes," Lou answered; "but it was long ago."

Her voice was low and sad.

One would almost have said a sound of regret throbbed through it, like the sound of unhappy waves through the talk of all the wind.

"What is your name, little one?" she asked, after a silence, that was voiceful.

"My name? Why mamma talls me Sunshine," lisped the child.

"And what is mamma's name?"

"Mamma."

"Yes; but what else?"

"Dus' mamma!" emphasised the baby, shaking her wee head, and picking at the trimmings of her sacque. The sacque was a very plain, cheap one—so was the dress; but both were becomingly made, and told their own story of loving but laboring hands.

"Dere's my mamma," the child continued, pointing to a little figure in black under one of the trees," and she's dus' a doodest mamma eve, was only——"

"Only what?"

"Only, since papa went away with Dod, she kies, an' kies, an' kies!"

"And what do you do then?" asked Mrs. Forsyth.

"Oh, I tisses her like ever' sing!"

And a ringing laugh went fluttering across the grass to the woman under the tree.

She lifted her face for a moment, then bent it lower over her sewing.

The child was in good hands, and the child was happy.

For her?—well, time would tell.

Sunshine had clambered over to Mrs. Forsyth's lap, and that lady's face had taken on a new look.

All its weariness had vanished, and in its stead was a sweet, yearning tenderness, a timid outlook of a great, great love that only waited a chance to live its life divinely, and fondly her fingers threaded the soft, light curls, while in her heart she thought of what she might have been had Heaven blessed her with such a gift, kept quickening her pulses, flushing her pale cheek, and brightening her eyes, till she seemed almost young again.

"It's very strange, Lottie," she said, speaking as one in a dream, "but I feel strongly drawn to this little waif. Something in me seems to claim her. It is as if I had known and loved her long ago; always, even."

The tears were in Miss Weatherel's eyes, and she turned her head to hide them.

"Don't you suppose I could have her, Lottie?" Mrs. Forsyth went on, after a little. "Poor people don't care much for their children, as a generl thing, I presume, and I want this baby," speaking in a quick, half-petulant way, as if her wants were paramount, and must be met in some way.

"On the contrary," spoke up the girl, "poor people, in my opinion, are devoted to their offspring. Of course you can't have the child. The very idea is preposterous."

Mrs. Forsyth sighed heavily.

"You wouldn't mind kissing me, Sunshine?" she said.

"Yes—four tisses?" quivered the child.

"Yes, a dozen! And—let me see. What shall I give you?"

"Dive me that 'ittle boo stone," touching the tiny diamond which another "sunshine" was touching, too, among the laces at the throat of Mrs. Forsyth.

"It is yours," handing the pin. "Now for the kisses," which were given, fully a dozen, and the child grew eager to be off with its treasure.

The "stone" had meant nothing to Mrs. Forsyth—such baubles were too common with her to be of value—it was but a stone to the child, but it might mean life—aye, honor, which is more than life, to the woman under the tree.

Miss Weatherel saw the diamond safely deposited in the mother's hands, staying beside her just long enough to say—

"Everything goes charmingly. Don't fail me to-morrow."

Then she went back to her companion, and the two ladies sauntered slowly to the home of Mrs. Forsyth.

"Why, Lou, my darling," Mr. Forsyth said that evening, "what has happened? I haven't seen you look so like the girl I married in a long time."

And he bent and kissed her.

"With his heart on his lips,"

and a hopeful smile that seemed and was a stranger.

Oh, if you women were but wiser, there would be fewer broken vows, fewer mockeries of home!

The next day—it was Mrs. Forsyth's suggestion, and Lottie had given a seemingly indifferent assent—the two friends were in the park again, and there too, was the child and the woman under the tree.

"I'm going over to see her," Mrs. Forsyth said, that little pronoun meaning the mother. "Maybe she'll give me the child.

"I've taken such a fancy to it, Lottie. Don't laugh at me.

"Last night I could scarcely sleep at all for thinking of it, and when I did, it was only to dream that it was my very own. I must go Lottie."

And a moment later she had laid one jeweled hand on the head so lowly bowed that its face could not be seen.

"Sunshine" was saying—

"See, mamma; see; the lady 'at div' me a 'ittle boo 'tone!"

And Lottie Weatherel, with fast-beating heart, stood waiting the *denouement* she knew must follow.

Presently the face lifted, and—

"Margaret! oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Forsyth.

But the surprise and the shock had been too great, and she sank to the ground in a real faint, while hovering over her, the young mother moaned—

"Oh, Lottie, Lottie, we have killed her!" and the child cried, too.

Miss Weatherel never once let go her good common sense.

She took off her hat, filled it with water at the lake, and in an instant was bathing the white face and the blue-veined wrists.

Another instant, and the shut eyes opened; still another, and the white, shut lips.

"Margaret" was said softly; "sister Margaret!"

And a voice as soft made answer—

"Can you forgive me, dear, dear Lou?"

Is it needful that I tell the sad, old story of one forsaking home and friends, and facing hardships never dreamed of, for love of one who had but love to give, the subsequent disowning by proud parents, and on, and on, and on to the time of the sisters' reunion?

The reader knows it all, or all that can be known apart from the living of it, and I pass to a happier theme.

For two years the elegant house of Richard Forsyth was the happy home of Margaret Lee, and Sunshine was its music.

The child, with its mother's eyes, during all that time, was Mrs. Forsyth's constant companion and idol.

Its little life had grown into her own, making it stronger, and broader, and better, and giving to it impulses, acting under which she had found health of body, heart and soul.

The old bloom was back upon her cheeks, the old laughter on her lips, and, better than all—*she held the heart of her husband.*

For two years!

Then Mrs. Lee laid aside her mourning, took a new name and a new home—whose master was worthy to be her own; and her life had found, though late, its crowning and its refuge.

"I should be inconsolable now," Mrs. Forsyth said to Lottie Weatherel the evening after the marriage, "wholly inconsolable, were it not that Sunshine will remain with me."

"I think, dear, you'd have been in your grave now, if I had not got you out of doors that day we both remember."

"Or in the lunatic asylum," added Mrs. Forsyth. "You, and God, have been very good to me," she said; "better, far better than I deserved. My life—and the child's—must thank you."

Ben.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

HE has no heart."

"Who? Ben Trisbee? Well, perhaps not, sentimentally speaking; but then he is merry, and fond of society, and has lots of courage, and I expect that is nearly as good as a heart to take one along in the world.

"He is always ready to speak some pleasant words to drive the blues away, and make life brighter for those about him."

"Do you know how old he is?"

"Well, he looks about twenty-six; but mother declares she used to go to school with him long ago, and that he must be at least forty."

"Why, it is not possible."

"One would not think so to look at him, it is true, to see his silky blonde moustache, and the dimples all the 'time coming and going in his fair face; but there is his sister, Mrs. Willey; she must be nearly forty. I had wondered sometimes if it did not make him feel old to have her children calling him uncle.

"His sisters worship him.

"Yes, and well they may, for he is, as the old Scotchman says, o'er kind to them."

"And yet you think he has no heart?"

"Well, I mean that he never loved anybody, and never could love anybody more than five minutes at a time."

They were two girls, walking along the street of a pretty village, and earnestly discussing one of the lights of society in the quiet place.

Even while they talked, when his name had scarcely left their lips, he joined them, this same light-hearted bachelor, the ex-

latence of whose heart was so problematical to the sentimental young damsels.

"Good morning, girls," he said, cheerily. "You always look like a pink and a buttercup. What wonderful subject are you discussing now?"

One girl blushed and hesitated, and the other more frank and fearless, said bravely—

"We were talking of you."

"Of me? Well, that is flattering, I declare. Was it some shortcoming of mine, some sin I have recently committed?"

"No; but we wondered why, when you are always so kindly and pleasant, that you have no heart."

"Is it the universal verdict that I have no heart?" he asked.

And the girl answered—

"I think so. I have heard it said a good many times, and I never heard anyone contradict the fact."

He laughed again, such a merry, heartsome laugh, and said—

"Well, well, chickens, it is a fault no one would ever accuse you of; only see that your hearts do not lead you astray, that is all."

With a merry smile, he raised his hat and said—

"I must wish you good-bye as well as good-morning, for I am going away this afternoon."

"Oh, Mr. Trimble," said one of the girls deprecatingly, "don't go away so early. Why do you always leave us with the summer, as though you were such a warm weather bird you could not bear the cold?"

"I did not suppose you missed me," he said, bowing.

"But we do miss you," persisted the girl, blushing. "And we like to have you here."

"Thanks, many thanks; I am sure your gentle and graceful appreciation would tempt me to stay if anything could, but I must leave all the same; so good-bye, and don't forget me.

"I shall be back early in the spring, and ready for another campaign.

"Which shall it be—mountain or seashore?"

The girls were both looking grieved and sorry.

"Oh, next summer is so long to wait," said one of them. "Why can't you stay here now?"

"Don't ask for reasons or explanations," he laughed; "they are stupid things at the best.

"I am going down to Mrs. Willey's to bid the children good-bye; will you go along with me?"

"We were going there, too," they said, and so the trio moved on together.

The good-byes were just as merry and frank as anything ever is that the gay leaves hold in hand to, and soon he went away, with many kind wishes following him.

As he passed out of sight turning at the last instant to throw kisses to the children, Mabel Ray, one of the girls who had been talking of him, said, discontentedly to her sister—

"I don't see what he wants to go away for; I should think he might stay here all the time—I don't think he minds the country.

"No," said his sister, "he does not mind the country, it is true, because he has been accustomed to it since childhood."

"Then what does he go for?" pleaded the girl; and the lady, drawing her work-basket nearer her, said—

"I wonder if you two girls would like me to tell you a story.

"I will send the children out to play, and we will have a quiet time by ourselves."

The girls signifying their delighted assent, nestled down in the sunshine, to listen to the story.

"It's all about brother Ben," the lady said, half apologetically, and the girls, like two children, answered—

"Oh, good! We want to know so much about him. Fanny says he has no heart," said Mabel, "but I say he has a merry soul and lots of courage, and that is nearly as good, isn't it?"

"No heart?"

The lady repeated the words in a curious, dreamy voice.

"Well, let me tell you my story, and then you shall judge for yourselves whether he has any heart.

"Twenty years ago Ben was a boy, counting his first score of years on life's great dial, and a happier, more light-hearted, thoughtless fellow never lived.

"He was kind to everybody, and made friends everywhere.

"You remember the old house down in the hollow, surrounded with great elm trees and wide, green lots.

"It was Squire Marsden's old place then, and there was not a handsomer residence.

"He had but one daughter, you know—Minnie Marsden, a pretty girl, sweet tempered, cold like, and affectionate.

"She and Ben had been school children together, and perfectly devoted to each other ever since they could go alone.

"They grew up and entered society here, and their love for each other was as much a recognized fact as that of any married couple in the place.

"But when he was twenty-two and she eighteen, and they the prettiest couple you ever saw together, there came a stranger to this place—a handsome, stylish man, with plenty of airs and graces that he had brought from London, and seemed delighted to make an exhibition of in our little town.

"He came upon official business, and did not hesitate to make mention as frequently as possible that he had been appointed and approved to high official authority, and was to leave soon on a grand bridal tour that was to bring him such fame and honor, not to speak of wealth, which was a mere secondary consideration to him.

"Squire Marsden was immensely flattered by the attention paid to his pretty daughter, and when the man, perfectly infatuated, asked for her hand in marriage that she might accompany him on his wonderful tour, the old man gave him his blessing and sanction at once.

"He declared Ben had never said anything to him about marrying his daughter, and I think it quite possible that he never had, for they had taken everything so much as a matter of course, that they probably had not paused to put it in formal words, thinking that it was sufficiently well understood without such a formality.

"So when the old man told Minnie what he expected of her, she looked at him in astonishment.

"I think the girl was flattered by the stranger's attentions, but she had not thought that anything could possibly interfere with her love for Ben, and she had no thought of giving him up.

"But Ben was proud and sensitive.

"He knew that Squire Marsden was wealthy, and was inclined to look down upon his poorer neighbors; still he had put up with this as well as he could for Minnie's sake.

"But now, when the old man came and told him that but for him Minnie could make a brilliant match, and be received in the highest society, Ben made up his mind in an instant, and expressed it accordingly.

"'Minnie is the dearest thing on earth to me,' he said; 'but Heaven knows I will never stand in the way of her happiness.'

"And so with one brief farewell he left her. I saw them together that night.

"I heard him talking with her in tones that he tried vainly to make calm and firm.

"I knew that with Minnie Marsden he gave up all hope for the future.

"I saw him hold her in his arms for one minute, and then—ah, well, I ought not to talk of this to you, girls; but Ben went away, and soon afterwards Minnie was married.

"If her bright dream of pride and wealth was ever realized, there was certainly no evidence of it in the pale, sad face she brought back to our native village, scarcely a year later. She went home to her father's with her husband.

"He proved to be an idle, speculative man, his head always full of some great plan—some magnificent prospect—soon to be realized.

He involved the old man in speculations that took his broad acres to liquidate, and then he died, leaving Minnie no home and no fortune.

"It was then that Ben came back here; and I told him how poor Minnie and her children were.

"He gave me money for them, but he refused to see her.

"As he never seen her since: but every year when her husband goes to London and she comes back here alone, with her little ones, Ben gives me money to see that she is well cared for through the winter, and he goes away, that he may not see her face."

The two girls were weeping quietly as the lady ceased to speak, and Fanny, clasping Mabel's hand, whispered softly—

"He has a heart."

"Yes, he has," said Mabel, stifling a quick little sob in her throat.

She did not guess why Mrs. Willey had told them this story.

CHERISH THE LIVING.—A pale mourner stood bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried:

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way and said:

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"Alas," said he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable value I now feel."

"What would'st thou do if he were restored to you?"

The mourner replied that he would never offend him by any unkind word, but he would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living; remember that they will die one day also."

"Splendid Results."

This is the decided affirmation of a gentleman in Troy, New York, after a month's trial of Compound Oxygen in his family. The great improvement in his wife's condition, is very remarkable indeed.

"My wife had much soreness in her lungs, and a constant depressed feeling, as if a weight were laid upon them. We had just buried a daughter who had been nearly a year sick with consumption, and constant care of her produced these injurious results. I felt much worried in consequence. Four day's use of the treatment and the appetite began to mend. Two weeks and she felt like a different person. The soreness had almost entirely disappeared, and she can breathe deeper now than she had been able to do for years, goes out in all weather, and is able to do an amount of 'Christmas shopping' that is very trying to my pocket-book. Besides my wife, other members of the family have used it as a general tonic, with splendid results."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

The Swallow Dance.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

THE barn was a hundred feet long, and from every beam and rafter swung bright tin lanterns, improvised by the nearest tinman, each holding a lighted candle.

The corn was husked, the floor swept clean, and a score of bright-eyed girls flitted fro and forward, preparing for the dance.

It was the first dance of the season, towards which so many tremulous thoughts had been turning all through the late summer, for partners were to be chosen, and the fate of a lifetime might hang upon the flutter of a ribbon or the turn of a ringlet.

The moon was in its full, and men and maidens were ready to make a night of merriment.

There was Susie Hopins wearing a new blue merino dress, with white ruffles at the neck and wrists.

Margaret Dyer, in her last year's brown thibet, freshened and brightened by cherry ribbons.

Sarah Willy, in an old-fashioned dove-colored silk, that had seen many years' service, but still looked fresh and pretty on the plump young figure that would have made sackcloth becoming and graceful.

But conspicuous among these and a score of other rustic beauties was a gay maiden, Miss Melinda Singleton, whose low-necked and short-sleeved black velvet waist, and sweeping rose-colored skirt, made her at once noticeable.

She had stolen Susie Hopkin's beau, Harmon Hubbard, and Susie had resented it all the summer long, looking straight forward from her soft, brown eyes, whenever he tried to speak to her, and holding her pretty head stately and self-poised, while a soft flush mantled her cheek and touched her brow with crimson.

They were all there that night.

Harmon had been waiting upon the exacting Miss Melinda, but he left her in charge of a friend, while he hovered about, trying to catch Susie's ear, if for ever so brief a moment.

No use; the swallow dance was preparing, and the girls were busy.

It was an old-time local custom, this swallow dance, a sort of swift cotillion, in which each girl carried a willow wand, to the graceful, swaying tip of which a light cord was fastened, that held a feather bird suspended from it.

Sometimes those birds were real swallows, stuffed, with outspread wings, but oftener they were made in some quaint fashion by the girls themselves.

The young men carried light nets fastened to ash rods and it was their part of the pretty play to choose, each one, his swallow from the merry throng, and by a dexterous movement to throw the net he carried over his chosen bird, when, with smiles and congratulatory nods, his choice would be endorsed as the dance went on.

Susie Hopkins hoped fondly at first that Harmon would follow her swallow, if only out of compliment to the past.

But she had fully decided to evade him—to give him no opportunity for confidence or explanation.

It was a rule in the dance that the swinging swallow never should be brought lower than the head of the girl who carried it.

But Miss Melinda utterly ignored rules, and when a venturous swain struck boldly to catch her bird, she would tuck it under her bare white arm, and laugh and dance in a wilder way than ever.

Susie saw this, and her red lip curled haughtily.

She would be ashamed to take so unfair an advantage, she said, but she was quite as determined as her fair rival not to be caught.

The one man who followed her most persistently was Richard Waite, an evil-eyed, awkward bachelor from a neighboring farm.

Susie had been treating him with a sort of forced politeness, but when she saw that he was really in earnest, that he had chosen her for his partner and intended to have his choice ratified by the crowd, a helpless, appealing look came to her eyes, which changed to one of bitter despair, as she fancied Harmon was laughing at her distress.

Twice Waite had almost caught her.

The third time he came so near that his net, descending, touched her hair, and swept her shoulder.

It was cruel and impertinent, she said to herself, for him to pursue her when she had shown him so plainly that she did not desire his attentions.

But he would not desist.

The dreaded net dropped near her every time.

Once more and ignoring laws and rules, with a manner far more intent than Miss Melinda's laughing fearlessness, when she saw the hated web again hovering above her, she struck her light swallow full into the blaze of the candle, but even as she did so, down came a net about it, covering both bird and flashing light, and the hand that held the net dropped lower and clasped her hand, while a voice that could not laugh, in its intentness, said close to her ear—

"I have caught you, Susie, fairly and without favor this time. Now please acknowledge, darling, that you are mine for to-night and for ever," he said, bending over, and speaking so low that no one else could hear the whispered words.

Miss Melinda's laugh was lightest of all when the congratulations were gaily given, and when, a few weeks later, the friends she had found in the country were invited to her wedding reception, it was only her city acquaintances who called it a queer freak that upon the bouquet she carried, a wire-mounted swallow was borne, with outspread wings.

And when later yet Susie and Harmon were married, among their simple gifts of affection and tributes of love was a little box from the city, which held a swallow brooding on a silver nest, and inside the tiny casket was a lovely set of pearls.

Susie admired their soft lustre with a little cry of joy, and as she fastened them in the delicate lace frills about her neck, she said to her husband—

"How sadly disappointed you were, though, Harmon that Melinda wouldn't let you catch her swallow!"

And Harmon, with a quizzical look, answered—

"Little goosey! I knew when she first came up here that she was engaged to be married, and the wedding was coming off this month, but you never gave me a chance to tell you so, and she was laughing at you all the summer for making yourself so unhappy."

"Oh, the hateful!" said Susie. "If the pearls were not so lovely, I would not wear them now, but——"

She hesitated a moment, held her head coquettishly on one side, and taking her husband's arm they walked, bride and bridegroom, to church that day, pearls and all.

CONSUMPTION AND HOT WATER.—A correspondent writes: Noticing an extract from the *World of Science* in which a physician strongly recommends hot water, in place of tea or coffee, as a stimulant for the use of those requiring to study late at night, I would like to give my experience of it as a beneficial agent in consumption. Mrs. H——, one of a family a number of whose members had died of consumption, was, after severe exposure to a snowstorm, seized with a serious cough and expectoration, accompanied with loss of flesh.

Examination by a physician showed that one lung was seriously affected. She was wholly confined to her room; and everything that medical attendance and loving care could do to mitigate her suffering was done, but ineffectually. The depressing night-sweats continued, together with loss of rest from repeated fits of coughing. Losing all faith in medicine, some six or eight months ago, its use was wholly abandoned, and the use of nourishing diet only, continued.

About ten weeks ago, the patient's attention was directed to a newspaper paragraph recommending hot water as a remedy for consumption. Feeling that little harm could ensue from its use, she determined to test it. At the moment of retiring, a large tumbler of hot water, in which the juice of a lemon had been mixed to free it from mucus, was taken.

In a few moments, a glow of warmth would pervade the lungs, chest &c., quickly followed by the most refreshing sleep, which would be unbroken by any cough, and the patient would awake in the morning rested and strengthened.

A few days ago, she was seized with a fit of coughing, during which was coughed up into her mouth a small stone about the size of a pea—formed of sulphate of lime, I believe, and usually considered a symptom of the healing of a cavity in the lung.

Whether this marked improvement was due to the use of the hot water, I cannot venture to say.

But its beneficial influence in securing sweet sleep and exemption from coughing at night was so marked, that I would like some of your readers to test it with their consumptive friends, and give, through your "Correspondence," the results of their experience.

WEDDING SERMONS.—From a very early day the Puritans of New England were accustomed to wedding discourses; and the practice was handed down, we are told, to quite a late date in the last century.

For example, when Parson Smith's daughter Mary was to marry Mr. Cranch, the father allowed her to fix on the text for her own wedding sermon, and she selected Luke x: 42: "Mary had chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

But when her sister Abigail was bent on marrying a young lawyer named John Adams, whom her father very much disliked, so much that he would not even invite him to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text: "John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil." If the sermons were preached, we find no record of it.

But Abigail married John, and lived to be the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another.

Mary Cranch was a [illegible] for common sense as she could have been for wit or decision of character.

THE SPHINX.—This was a monster described as having a human head and the body of a lion, and sometimes as having wings also. It used to propose the following riddle to travelers, and tear in pieces those who could not solve it: "What is that which has one voice, and at first four feet, then two feet, and at last three feet, and when it has most feet is weakest?" Œdipus explained the enigma by saying it was man, who, when an infant, creeps on all fours, when a man goes on two feet, and when old uses a staff as a third foot, and the sphinx thereupon destroyed herself.

Our Young Folks.

WILLIE WONDER.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

"I WONDER—" began little Willie.

And then he stopped, for he noticed that Aunt Martha was listening.

Willie never "wondered" aloud when Aunt Martha was listening, because she used to laugh at him about his day-dreams, and had given him the nickname of "Willie Wonder."

But as soon as her slippers had gone clattering out of the farm-house kitchen, and Willie was left all alone with the tabby cat, he began again.

"I wonder——"

And, as he did so, puss gave a confidential mew, and rubbed up against him, as much as to say:

"I am your friend, little master; tell your secrets to me."

"I wonder," said Willie, "where Fairyland can be?"

Now, puss did not know in the least where Fairyland was, so she did not say anything, which is the best thing to do when you have nothing to say.

But the next time she went into the farmyard she told the white cow, and the white cow told the old blind mole who lives in the corner of the lea, and the mole told the rabbits; and the rabbits, who are a very knowing race, told the hare with the long ears.

So that is how the hare came to know that Willie wondered.

The hare, you must understand, was a quick and sanguine gentleman, and he had opinions of his own upon this question.

He believed that Fairyland was far away to eastward, where the bright sun parts the curtains of the dawn, and the new day springs forth, all fresh, and fair, and hopeful.

"Oh, yes," said the hare to himself, as he took his customary morning scamper over the turf, "depend upon it, Fairyland is in the east."

Now, the people at the farmhouse always rose betimes, for it saves both eyes and oil to do your work in the morning instead of at night.

So, as the hare with the long ears was returning from his morning scamper, little Willie Wonder was driving the white cow to pasture.

The hare stood still as soon as Willie got in sight, and sat sideways, looking at him out of one eye.

"I wonder," said Willie, as he walked behind the white cow, "oh, I wonder where Fairyland can be. If only the hare with the long ears would go and find it for me, and bring leave from the fairies for me to visit them!"

Well, no sooner were the words spoken than the hare bounded away—far, far over the hills, leaping so lightly that he scarcely brushed the dew from the wild thyme as he passed—away and away to the eastward, with the golden sunlight streaming over the velvet turf, and the fresh morning air rushing past him as he ran.

Who would not feel hopeful, I should like to know, speeding over the hills in the bright, brisk morning?

But some one else was abroad besides the hare that morning.

There was a distant shout, and an ominous baying of hounds, and the sound of horses' hoofs thundering along behind him.

Alas! poor creature, he had never reckoned upon this, and had already spent the best of his breath before he knew that he was hunted.

But he ran bravely, nevertheless, speeding for dear life up hill and down dale till he came to ploughed fields, gates, and hurdles.

Away and away, through fold and farm, till he reached the village.

Poor little hare!

It was the last place in the world where he would have thought of showing himself, but the hounds were close behind him, and down the village street went all the hunt, while the boys came tumbling out of school and scampering down the road to see the fun.

And the end of it all was—well, I don't know what the end was, but the hare never came back to tell Willie Wonder the way to Fairyland.

Now, when the snail heard that the hare had not come back, he said to his friend, the shiny beetle:

"I told you so. That gentleman is too fast by half. Those fussy, scampering people attract so much attention.

"Then, of course, they get the hounds after them, and never come home again. I never get hunted, do I?"

"Never!" answered the shiny beetle, emphatically.

"And you may depend upon it," continued the snail, "that he was wrong about Fairyland.

"It is not in the east at all; it's in the west. Now, when I was young people did not profess to know what they had never learned.

"I have been to college, and Professor Gasterpod told us all about it. 'Evening,' said he, 'is the golden hour when we dwell regretfully upon the good time that is gone.

"'And the west—the region of declining day—is the home of the fairy powers, for certain.'

"Oh, he could talk beautifully, could Professor Gasterpod, I assure you, he was quite a poet.

"I only wish that Willie Wonder would let me take his message for him."

Strange to say, little Willie was coming at that very moment along the hedgerow where the snail and the shiny beetle lay ensconced.

And as he came along, with his basket on his arm, he said to himself:

"I wonder, oh, I wonder, where Fairyland can be. Now, if only yonder prettily-marked snail would find his way to Fairyland, and ask them to let me pay them a visit!"

"Oh, certainly!" said the snail, promptly. "I will make the journey for you with pleasure."

And off he started for the far west without delay.

Of course he did not need to stay and prepare, but took his house just it was, it being part of it.

He traveled and traveled, and by the time that the sun had reached its meridian height, he must have traveled yards.

Stones, and broken twigs, and great towering stems of chickweed and groundsel, beset this wild and untrodden region on every hand.

In one place he passed an old tin kettle, whose lid was gone, revealing a vast metal cavern, the like of which few snails had ever seen.

In another lonely spot he came upon a worn-out shoe, a picturesque relic of bygone days, upon whose battered and venerable form the snail found he could not look without weeping.

But words would not describe the wonders of this journey.

Suffice it to say, that at length the traveler reached a stone wall, forming, as he did not doubt, the ultimate boundary of the world.

This wall was fully four feet high, but with a pluck and perseverence which cannot be too highly extolled, the hardy adventurer succeeded in surmounting it, and descended into the unknown regions beyond.

Before him was an orchard path, and along this he traveled, leaving behind him a track of slime, which most people would not admire, but he thought, a great addition to the landscape.

He doubted not that he was near the end of his journey, so when he came upon an ant's nest he asked the ants if they knew the way to Fairyland.

But they were rather crusty, and said they were too busy to trouble their heads about the matter.

Then he met a great fat yellow toad, who was sprawling across the pathway, and he asked him if he know where Fairyland was.

The toad answered that he believed it was in the pond.

At any rate his friend, the frog, had told him that the pond was a sweet, pretty place to live in, and the cole said the mud at the bottom was delicious.

But still the snail traveled on, and Fairyland seemed as far away as when he started out.

He had no idea before that the universe was so big.

He looked about for the hole where the sun went down when he set, but he could not find it.

And he began to wonder how much farther the west extended, and almost wished he had not come.

I was just as the poor snail was giving way to these despanding thoughts that he spied two little girls sitting on the grass close to the orchard path, and he at once set off towards them, in the hope that they might show him the way to Fairyland.

"I wonder," exclaimed Willie, "oh, I wonder where Fairyland can be?"

He was in the farmhouse kitchen when he said this; and he was all alone, for Aunt Martha had taken her shawl and her cotton umbrella, and had stamped off to a neighboring farmhouse to borrow a stewpan for her next day's preserving.

Little Willie, I say, was all alone; and the moonlight came pouring in at the kitchen casement, and lit up the whole apartment.

"I wonder," said little Willie to himself, "whether there are people in the moon."

He paused a moment and then a new thought struck him.

"Perhaps," said he, "the moon itself is Fairyland, and when the fairies come into the world they float down with the moonbeams."

He sat thinking a little while, and then he rose and lifted the latch.

Some one had left a ladder leaning against the wall of the house.

It reached quite to the top of the wall, for the eaves of the long sloping roof were no great distance from the ground, and Willie looked, and thought that if he could not get to the moon, here was a way by which he might, at any rate, get a little nearer to it.

Who could tell but that if he mounted guard upon the top of the ladder, he might at least catch sight of some fairy strolling down the moonbeams?

So Willie Wonder climbed the ladder on the way to the moon, and waited and waited, and watched and watched, in the hope of seeing some little light-winged fairy decending to the earth.

But Willie Wonder waited and watched in vain.

At tenght Aunt Martha came, with her cotton umbrella in one hand, and the stewpan in the other, and found Willie mounted on the ladder, gazing upward at the moon.

"At it again," said she. "That boy is always wondering about some foolish thing or other."

Now the cricket was rather sorry for Willie Wonder, and after thinking it over, he made up his mind to tell Willie all about it.

So the next morning he left his corner, by the brick oven where Aunt Martha used to bake the bread, and came out into the kitchen, where Willie was sitting with the tabby cat.

He chirruped and chirruped for nearly half an hour and told him a great deal.

And Willie found that everything which the cricket had said to him was correct; for, as time went on, he caught glimpses of that Fairyland which lies all around us if we could but see it.

And sometimes the fairies would come and whisper sweet songs to him, such as make the hearts of men and women the better for the singing of them, and he took his pen and wrote them down, and all the world called him the Poet.

And the fairies never left him, because to the end of the life he kept the open eye and the loving heart.

GOOD AND TRUE.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

WE kept a boarding-house, Mitty and I.

To be sure, people said it was a great shame that Mr. Fontaine's daughters should stoop so low in life as to deal out their hospitality for money.

But Mitty and—and Mitty has a great deal of common sense—that we must live, and all the genteel company that came to visit us wouldn't put so much as a penny in our pockets, towards coal and boxes.

Mrs. Hall, who lived next door to us, said she knew we couldn't make it pay.

No one but an experienced housekeeper could make it pay.

Miss Cynthia Caldwell thought that it would have been much nicer and more select to do fine sewing, or get a place as governess, or something of that sort, which wouldn't have been quite so public.

Old Fernleaf said his daughters shouldn't visit us, and Dr. Millett looked the other way, when he brought his fashionable new bride to town and met Mitty face to face in the street.

"Dear me," said Mitty laughing; "what a queer world this is."

But I was angry enough to cry.

"No matter, Mitty," said I, "we'll teach them that we can be quite independent without them."

Well, as time went on, we had several boarders.

Old Mr. Pettigrew and his niece Clarissa—the two Mr. Henleys and the minister's niece, who gave lessons in wax flowers and water-color paintings.

Our rooms were full, all except the little one over the wing.

"Kate," said Mitty triumphantly, "we are making money. I put eleven pounds in the savings bank today, over and above all expenses for the past month."

"I daresay Mrs. Hall saves more than that," said I.

"I think very likely," said Mitty. "Only, you see, Mrs. Hall does everything on a grander scale than we can pretend to keep up with.

"We do our own marketing, wash and iron our own table linen, and salt the salmon on the sly, while Miss Henrietta Hall is practising 'The Maiden's Prayer' on the piano."

"But then," observed I, "we are not such fine ladies as Mrs. and Miss Henrietta. We are only two poor little old maids, who are obliged to earn our own living."

"Kate, you are not an old maid," indignantly cried out Mitty.

"And you are as fresh as a rose-bud beside Henrietta Hall," said I, patting her cheek.

"If you know dear, I think hard work agrees with both of us."

So things went on, till one summer evening, we were out on our steps, when there was quite a commotion in the hall of our neighbor, Mrs. Hall.

"Of course, he must go," Mrs Hall's voice shrilly announced. "It was a great imposition on me, that he should ever come here. I supposed he was an author, or a lawyer, or some such genteel occupation, and now you see he's nothing but a painter. A common painter."

"An artist, ma'am," suggested Mr. Birdsey.

"And where's the difference, I should like to know?" sputtered Mrs. Hall. "Except that one has, at least, daily wages to depend upon, and the other hasn't. And here he is, down with scarlet fever, or smallpox, or some such hideous ailment, and——"

"Only a malignant form of intermittent fever, ma'am," again meekly put in Mr. Birdsey.

"No matter what name they call it by," said the lady, waxing hotter in the ardor of discussion.

"I don't keep an hospital here, and if I did, I wouldn't harbor any such low trash. So the sooner he packs off, the better I shall be pleased."

"But where is he to go?" asked young Diederman. "He has no friends that anybody knows of, and——"

"All the more reason I should get him off my hands as quickly as possible," said Mrs. Hall.

"The idea of my becoming responsible for his funeral expenses, or——"

"Hush, Walter will hear you," interrupted Mr. Birdsey. "His window is open."

"I don't care if he does hear me," snapped Mrs. Hall.

"He ought to have been ashamed of himself, coming here under such circumstances as this. But he goes sick or well, before sunset this very night. There are public hospitals enough, I suppose."

"Plenty of 'em," said Mr. Birdsey, dryly; "and while he is waiting for all the forms to be gone through with, in order to gain admission, he will most likely die in the street."

"Well, let him die," said Mr. Hall. "That's no business of mine, that I know of."

Mitty looked at me.

I looked at Mitty.

Our eyes both sparkled mute telegraphic messages to each other—and I spoke out of the choking, indignant fulness of my heart.

"Mrs. Hall," cried, "Mr. Walter may come here, whoever he is. A sick man, friendless and alone, should be able to claim brotherhood with all the world.

"Mitty and I will take care of him until he is able to take care of himself."

Mrs. Hall took us at our word with extreme promptitude, and before nightfall poor Bernard Walter was snugly installed in the little vacant room over the wing—a pale, ghostly-looking creature, babbling idly of people and places on the Continent, that we never had heard of.

Dr. Millett shook his head very gravely.

"He is a very sick man," was his verdict.

"Kate," whispered Mitty, when the doctor was gone, and the sick man was all still for the night, "suppose—suppose he should die!"

"In that case, Mitty, I don't think we should ever repent that we had done our duty."

"I am sure we should not," said Mitty, softly.

But Bernard Walter did not die.

He got well—and of course, according to all the rules of true love, he lost his heart to Mitty's blue eyes and pretty face.

"You'll never allow your sister to marry a painter!" said Mrs. Hall spitefully.

"I'm sure I've no objections to her becoming an artist's wife, as long as they love each other," said I, laughing.

"Well, really," said Mrs. Hall, "if it were my Henrietta——"

"But it isn't your Henrietta," I interrupted a little sharply; "it is our Mitty. And she has chosen to suit herself and I, for one, am entirely satisfied."

Well, they were married in a quiet sort of way.

I am reaching the end of my story now—the romance that irradiated our lives, when the cake was cut, and Mitty and Bernard had gone on their wedding tour, with humble little me along in the capacity of bridesmaid.

We had traveled all day, and towards night, on a glorious October day, we drove into the gates of a spacious old place, with its octagonal towers and ivy mantled walls.

"Oh, what a fine old place!" said Mitty. "Ah, look at that lovely glittering fountain and the beds of scarlet geranium. Bernard are you going to sketch this place?"

"I may, in time," said my sister's husband, composedly, as he sprang out and opened the carriage door.

"Are we going to get out here, Bernard? Do you know the people?"

But before the usual answer, the great carved oak doors flew open, revealing a stately entrance hall, with a fire burning at the furthest end, and a moss-colored carpet on the floor.

Wax lights glowed softly, pictures gleamed down from the walls, chairs upholstered in violet velvet stood around.

To Mitty and me it was like a glimpse of fairyland.

"Who lives here, Bernard?" still persisted Mitty, as she advanced timidly up the broad marble steps.

"I do. Welcome home, sweet wife; welcome home, sister."

I stared blankly at his bright face.

"But, Bernard, we thought you were poor."

"Did I ever say I was? When I came to B——to sketch I certainly saw no occasion to proclaim my private affairs to the good people there.

"I engaged a room at Mrs. Hall's because it was convenient.

"When I was ill and delirious, I could not tell the truth.

"When I knew how good and true you two dear girls were, I resolved that I could wait and give you a surprise.

"I was only an amateur artist. I am rich, but I am Bernard Walter still."

Now wasn't that a romance?

And, you see, it really happened to Mitty and me, and we are fine ladies now, and drive about with our open barouche and cream-colored horses.

And you can guess how discomfited Mrs. Hall and Henrietta were when they first heard the real position of the sick artist.

LOVE CHARMS.—In Lower Saxony the young girls gather sprigs of St. John's wort on the eve of St. John, and secretly suspend them on the walls of their chambers with mysterious ceremonies. The state of the plant on the following morning indicates their future fate. If fresh and undrooping, it foretells a prosperous marriage; if fading and dying, the reverse. The plant is influenced by the condition in which it is placed, and those who have damp walls are the more likely to have prosperous marriages than those whose walls are dry as they should be.

HUNDREDS of persons using Ayer Hair Vigor certify to its efficacy in restoring the hair to the health and beauty of youth.

OUR YEAR OF LIFE.

BY W. M. A.

Only a purple sheen of violets blue—
A gleam of snowdrops 'mid their tender green,
A mystic whisp'ring through each woodland scene,
And stirrings 'mong the ferns and mosses, too—
While children playing in the bud strewn dells
Clap hands as spring reveals her fairy spells.

Only a crown of crimson roses sweet—
A flash of jasmine stars, with myrtles blent,
A fragrance most intense, from flower-lips sent,
To incense all the land for summer's feet—
While Love's fair dream is told 'neath moonlit sky,
Its vows exchanged with kiss and trembling sigh.

Only a blaze of wondrous tawny gold,
O'er which the winds in requiem moanings sweep—
A pyre of leafy splendors, whose vast heap
Of living beauty death's red flames enfold—
While man, in zenith of his spirit's might,
Moves calmly onward towards the sunset light!

Only a glistening mass of snowy cloud—
A sparkling rare of prisms 'mid the white,
With glow of scarlet berries lending light
Unto the silver of the winter's shroud—
While loving hearts for missed ones wail and weep,
So man and nature swoon in dreamless sleep.

Thus cometh and thus passeth life's brief year,
The shining wings of hope its youth uphold;
Its noon and eve are rayed with love's pure gold,
And starry immortelles enwreath its bier.
Then let our joyous chorus fill the skies,
Love praising Love, e'en as the old year dies.

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

THE *Peking Gazette* is as unlike a Western newspaper as its contents are unlike Western news.

It is an oblong book of a few thin leaves, printed with downward lines of word characters.

In shape it is like our cash books, but so narrow and flimsy that it could be curled round a finger; strings of twisted paper, run through the back, fasten it into paper covers of the national yellow, besmeared with dim red letters—and there is the whole thing complete, the organ of the Chinese Government for publishing imperial decrees, official changes, memorials and reports from the provinces; and to thousands of pig-tailed gentlemen, in and out of office, it is that indispensable luxury—the daily paper.

We shall glean some idea of its curious contents from the collected issues of two notable years—1875, when a new Emperor ascended the throne, and 1877, a year of war and famine.

His Majesty the Emperor having "ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high" in the twelfth moon of the past year, or early in our January, the opening news of the year deals largely with Palace affairs.

The new Emperor—the adopted successor of him who had ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high—publishes such protestations of grief and of devotion to the Empire, that it is with a shock we discover afterwards his mature age of three years.

The Empress Dowager and the Empress Mother govern for this imperial wiseacre, and issue such "benign decrees" as the disgrace of His late Majesty's physicians by the immediate forfeiture of their buttons and peacock feathers—for having let him die.

The peacock feather which is worn hanging from the cap, and the top button, which by its color marks the grade of rank, are often the subject of decrees.

Memorials from the provinces are constantly printed. A minister asks for retirement on the grounds of ill-health, begging that His Majesty's "slave" be given rest, so that he may, though useless and wasted, continue his existence on the face of the earth.

The Governor of Kiang-su, on being appointed Governor-General at Nanking, declares that he sent up a memorial last year, begging leave to retire on account of his infirmities, but, as the courier rode to Peking, he was drenched by rain and snow, that the wet penetrated the despatch box, and the many folds of oiled paper, and reduced the letter of entreaty to pulp, by the jolting of the horse.

And thereupon does not the Governor of Kiang-su exulting state that the courier has been repaid with the bamboo, and brings now another despatch, which will inform His Majesty that he, the injured Governor, will take command at Nanking, although his rheumatism is hard to bear?

It is strange to find, in columns of news, reference to the search for a child in whom the soul of a Nomen 'Han of Tibet has been reborn.

A youth of seventeen is now discovered in an obscure village, and it is stated that he is the re-embodied spirit.

A petition is forwarded in favor of this remarkable young man, who—if the reader wishes to remember his name—was Awang Chiamubaich'u'ch'engchatso. But he is refused re-instatement at Tibet, and disowned officially, as he had been "forbidden forever the privilege of re appearing again on earth."

But such news is not alarming to readers who have come across the predictions of the Board of Astronomers, and read of the assistance in public works vouchsafed by the river gods, the Yellow Great King, the Vermilion King, the Nine Dragon General and several more.

The famine of 1877 furnishes us with terrible pictures of human misery, but it brings forward also the benevolent efforts of those who were charged with the perishing multitude at their doors.

The police censors of the western district of Peking memorialize, saying that during the winter they saw in the streets the unsheltered lying dead, and the cold and hungry huddled together in heaps.

They quote a former decree, declaring that the police ought be the protectors of the poor, and they call attention to a hospice at the gate of the city, and tell how a body of unemployed officials have subscribed for the erection of another hospice to shelter a thousand of the destitute, sick and aged.

The accounts from the famine stricken districts tell dire tales. The Governor of Shansi writes time after time, telling how the people have stripped the bark off the trees for food, and even swallowed pellets of earth; and at last "there remain neither the bark of trees nor the roots of wild herbs to be eaten, and ordinary food supplies have absolutely disappeared. The land is filled with the sound of lamentations, and the corpses of the starved are to be seen on every hand by the wayside."

Grains of Gold.

Hope is grief's best music.

Frugality is an estate alone.

Prejudice is the reason of fools.

Humanity judges humanity by itself.

A civil denial is better than a rude grant.

Do it well, that thou mayest not do it twice.

He is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

To extol one's own virtue is to make a vice of it.

Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.

All reform is the flower and fruit of the great tree of faith.

It is worldly wisdom not to make nor exasperate an enemy.

About a pint of tears go to every pleasure, taking the world over.

An act of kindness to a shivering beggar-child is a profession of religion.

Work to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the sense of it.

Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence.

It is the small leaks that impoverish a household. It is the small economies that lead to affluence.

Greater mischiefs happen often from meanness, folly, and vanity, than from the greater sins of avarice and ambition.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart, a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of man, is to be born, to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness.

Life is easiest to those who can take it lightly, who can bend their backs to any burden, and be grateful for every ray of sunshine.

Look out for the man who makes liberal use of the personal pronoun "I," in conversation, for the chances are that he is a falsifier.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others: for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon another's evil.

To express no more than is really meant is one of the first steps towards correct speech, just as careful pruning is as important to the vines as a rich soil.

To be happy at home is the ultimate aim of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution.

Rightness expresses of actions what straightness does of lines: and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.

Femininities.

One should believe in marriage as in the immortality of the soul.

An Omaha pastor is trying to put a stop to Sunday-night courting.

The heart of life is the love that is in it, and the worthiness of the persons loved.

We meet in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.

An asp would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.

A close observer says that the words which ladies are fondest of are the first and last words.

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.

Some one is complaining that women use adjectives. Are poker, and broomstick adjectives?

There is an alchemy of quiet malice by which woman can concoct a subtle poison from ordinary trifles.

A young man asked a New York belle if she had any taste for literature. She said she believed that she had never eaten any.

When a bachelor says he is single from choice, it makes him mad to ask him why the girl made choice of some other fellow.

Texas wedding notice: Bob McDonald and Sue Mitenell have decided to slide down the cellar-door of life hand-in-hand together.

"You're the greatest woman I ever heard of," said the boy to his mother; "you tell me I have a bad temper, and yet blame me for losing it."

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but this is no reason why a man should be continually exclaiming "mush" while his wife is scolding him.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "Yes," he replied, "but you don't know how difficult that is."

He had been ridiculing her big feet, and, to get even with him, she replied that he might have her old sealskin sacque made over into a pair of ear-muffs.

"Yes," said a young lady who had been thumping on the piano for two hours, "that baby in the next house fairly sets me wild with its noise."

A confectioner has two big cards in his window. On one is inscribed "Girls Wanted;" and on the other "Taffy." He evidently knows how to capture the girls.

Everything is beautiful in its natural order. When a girl's cheeks are suffused with vermilion she is lovely; but nothing can be more ridiculous than an old woman blushing.

Angelina Stevens, of Galveston, Texas, asks for a divorce from her husband on the ground that he is poor, and because she has had an offer of marriage from a wealthier man.

Carpentry is being taught young women in the State Normal School of Massachusetts. This is as it should be. If the girl learns how to drive a nail properly, the woman will not hit her fingers so often.

A woman should never consent to be married secretly. She should distrust a man who has any reason to shroud in darkness the act which in his own estimation should be the crowning glory of his life.

A Lowell mill girl said the other day to a director who wished her to consent to a reduction of wages: "Before I'd do it, I'd see you and your whole grandpin' set in Tophet, pumpin' thunder at three cents a clap!"

It makes an editor mad to have word come up through the tube from the composing-room that a lady is waiting to see him, and, after tramping down six flights of stairs, find her to be only his wife after a ten-dollar bill.

Madame, who is of great fatness, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress for the character?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot," answered the hard-hearted brute.

A mother-in-law said to her son-in-law: "No, monsieur, you were at the ball last evening, and it has not been a month since you lost your wife!" "That's true, madam," answered the culprit, with a contrite air; "but I beg to remind you that I danced very sadly."

Girls, beware of the man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter.

A clever Yankee in Paris recently opened a booth in one of the boulevards, and invited the public to enter at an admission fee of three sous, and inspect the fashions of the times. What they saw was their own image in a large mirror. He had an enormous feminine patronage.

When a Fairmount girl wants her fellow to go home she takes down her back hair. Camden girls take off their shoes. Richmond girls say: "It's time for my dearest Charles to unclasp his arms and hie away to his parental domicile." Bryn Mawr girls are more practical, and less demonstrative: they simply say: "Bonny, time's up; git."

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that gentlemen—do, men—persist in wearing their overcoats to their seats in theatres and then taking them off, to the immense discomfort of at least four people—those on each side, and those before and behind them?" Talk of large hats! They are bubbles of vanity beside the nuisance of a man with an overcoat.

A poor woman applied to a lady for a flower or two to put in the hands of her dead infant, and, when a handsome bouquet was handed to her, she offered to pay for it, which of course was declined, when, with a look full of gratitude, she exclaimed: "May the Lord meet you at the gate of Heaven with a crown of roses!" Nothing could be more touchingly beautiful as well as poetical.

News Notes.

Gen. Moltke is the most taciturn man in Europe.

Electricity is now used as a motive power for toy yachts.

A colored Salvation Army has besieged Charlotte, S. C.

M. de Rothschild's collection of stamps is valued at $40,000.

New Orleans extinguishes her street lamps when the moon rises.

There are believed to be over 300,000 distinct forms of insects.

Marriage licenses in Maryland are hereafter to cost only 50 cents.

The Episcopalians will build a $500,000 cathedral at Rochester, N. Y.

At a recent ball in London a lady wore a skirt studded with dead robins.

In the room of a kleptomaniac in London were found over 800 umbrellas.

The animal kingdom is now estimated to embrace about 1,000,000 species.

Hundreds of girls work for 45 cents a day making shirts in New York City.

The estimated daily sales of eggs in New York during Lent average 225,000.

Electric lights have been introduced into a gunpowder manufactory in England.

A medical journal states that the average Chinese baby weighs but five pounds.

Platinum wire has been drawn so fine as to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye.

The manufacture of perfume from orange flowers is becoming an extensive industry in Florida.

The revised version of the Old Testament will be issued complete, it is said, next September.

Dr. Herman Kerr says that the annual mortality from intemperance in Great Britain is 40,000.

New York City, it is reported, has 40,000 persons who depend on gambling as a means of livelihood.

Two hundred and five works—principally novels—written by women, were published in France in 1883.

Washington's mother's grave, near Fredericksburg, Va., is in a state of weedy and woful dilapidation.

A Victoria, Columbia, Chinaman, worth $200,000, is to marry a white girl, and with the consent of her parents.

Oregon salmon are now brought to the Atlantic cities in seven days, from the waters of the Columbia River.

Victor Hugo is still considered the best talker in Paris. But he's the poorest listener. He's as deaf as a post.

Boston people have been numerously taken in lately by leaden 25c. pieces which they (in turn) had taken in.

A Southern paper estimates that $38,000,000 was invested in the South during the first two months of this year.

A colossal kite has been built in New Haven, Conn. It is 12 feet across and 15 feet high, covered with red cambric.

G. L. Perkins, a venerable citizen of Norwich, Conn., has carried in his pocket for 70 years the same silver half dollar.

The churches of New York City cost $8,000,000 a year; the amusements, $7,000,000; and the government $13,000,000.

In a roller skating contest at New York recently, Mr. Hoffman, of Columbia College, skated three miles in 11 1-2 minutes.

An Augusta, Ga., editor says that five men in the Southern States now read the newspapers where one man read them ten years ago.

The electric lights on the high masts at Los Angeles, Cal., can be distinctly seen from the island of San Clemente, 50 miles out at sea.

A line of railway cars to be drawn by camels will shortly constitute one of the peculiar features of travel and transportation in Central Asia.

At a recent fashionable wedding in Boston the bridesmaids carried baskets of white lilacs and wall-flowers, while velvet was the dominant dress.

Terrence Campbell, a one-armed operator of Hartford, Conn., climbed a pole in three minutes the other day, and cleared the wires of an entanglement.

Francis Veile, a New York boy of 15, wants $25,000 damages for having his eyes picked out by Philetus Dorian's game cock when he was but two years old.

Mrs. Thompson offered a New York Justice twenty-four eggs she had brought in her pocket, in consideration of his promise to go light on her boy for stealing.

A Montana paper relates that in Butte, the other day, a man fell to the bottom of a shaft one hundred and twenty feet deep, without receiving serious injuries.

A police court hearing at Southwark, Eng., recently, disclosed the fact that the notion was quite prevalent in that section that a marriage ceremony in which a brass ring had been used, was not valid.

John Roach, the steamboat builder, kept in early life a small shop in New York, where he repaired boilers and did other work in iron. He was his own workman.

There are said to have been 500,000 Christians in the world at the end of the first century, 10,000,000 in the time of Constantine, 30,000,000 in the eighth century, 100,000,000 at the time of the Reformation, and 425,000,000 in 1883.

A Sister's Wisdom.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

"I DON'T exactly like her, John."

"Why not?"

"I don't know; I cannot define it, nor give any tangible reason for my suspicions. But I cannot bring myself to believe she is what she seems."

Helen Griffis spoke in a hesitating manner, looking up in her brother's face—her big brother she called him—and well he deserved the title.

Six feet in his stockings, broad-shouldered, well-proportioned, was John Griffis.

He was very grave now, as he listened to his sister's speech.

She was afraid of this Miss Schulz, and she had watched the growing intimacy between her and her brother with troubled forebodings.

She knew too well his upright, manly sense of right and wrong, to suppose for an instant that he would have aught to do with Katie Schulz, had he not thought her fully worthy his attentions.

"Well, Helen, you may be right," he said at last, "but of all the women I ever met, she strikes me as being the most whole-souled and womanly. You cannot deny that she certainly appears so."

"I know she does, John. No one can deny but that she seems ladylike and refined, but I think it is in seeming only. Don't be offended; you know you are all I have, and I don't want to give you up until I am satisfied that you go into hands fully worthy of you. So don't commit yourself now, will you?"

"You're a little jealous witch, Helen. Commit myself! Not any. But there is no danger. I surrendered to the bewitching charms of Miss Helen Griffis long ago."

A ring at the door interrupted him, and without waiting for him to finish, Helen sprang up, and brushing a kiss against his cheek, went slowly down stairs.

"I don't like her," she told herself again. "I do hope John won't fall in love with her, though it would be just like him."

"It's Miss Schulz, and she is in the drawing-room, Miss Helen," said a servant, meeting her at the foot of the staircase. "And she inquired for you."

"'Think of angels, and you hear the rustle of their wings,'" hummed Helen, as she tripped along the hall, and then she opened the door and entered the drawing-room.

A tall, regally graceful form came forward to meet her, misty with filmy laces and costly silk.

A face faultless in outline, surrounded by a mass of golden-brown hair; eyes clear and lustrous, with witching sweetness in their liquid depths.

Truly, Miss Schulz was lovely, and more—she loved John Griffis.

She came forward to meet Helen, holding out one shapely jewelled hand.

"I have an unexpected trip to the country," she said, when they were seated by the broad window, "and I do so want you to go. Aunt has sent for me to come immediately, and I shall take the 5.20 train. Can't I persuade you to accompany me?"

Helen looked out from the window, her head resting on her hand, a moment before replying.

She had almost promised, when she bethought herself of a previous engagement for that evening, and so, after a short call, Miss Schulz took her departure.

Helen stood watching her absently, as she went down the street.

Suddenly her face brightened.

An idea had occurred to her—if she could only succeed in carrying it out!—and the next instant she had run up the stairs and joined her brother.

"See here, John," she said, sitting down beside him, her face all aglow. "I want something of you, and I want you to promise me beforehand that you will do as I say. Will you?"

"I promise."

"Well, then, what I want of you is this; you remember those costumes that we used for our theatricals? Well, I want you to select some of them, and disguise yourself—I am not particular how—and get to N—— in time to take the 5.20 train.

"You are not to get in the train, though, but when you get to the station, you can turn about and come home, if you want to. You see it is all very simple, and you have promised, you know."

Mr. Griffis looked at his sister in blank amazement.

"What do you want to do that for?" he asked.

"That is my secret. You will learn when you get back."

* * * * * *

It wanted ten minutes yet to the 5.30 train when an old, decrepid man, leaning on a cane, and with a carpet-bag in his hand hailed an omnibus.

The old gentleman looked in vain for a seat, and at last deposited his carpet-bag on the floor and remained standing.

A very stylish young lady was sitting near the door, her voluminous skirts spread out along the seat, taking up more room than was really necessary.

She glanced coldly at him, but made no move towards occupying less room, and the vehicle rolled on.

A young gentleman opposite, gotten up in the very height of fashion, and wearing a stupendous pair of moustaches, had been watching the young lady intently, and as he caught her eye, he raised his handkerchief, and drew it across his lips.

The lady smiled and dropped her own into her lap, and then a series of signals followed, at sight of which the old gentleman straightened up remarkably for one of his age, the sharp eyes behind the green spectacles flashed ominously.

At last the omnibus stopped.

The lady dropped her handkerchief; the old gentleman quietly picked it up, and put it in his pocket, and then crossing over to the end of the station, walked off down the street.

Half an hour afterwards he ascended the steps of his house, and passed up the stairs, where he proceeded to divest himself of a false beard, a grey wig, and sundry other articles, and then John Griffis stood revealed.

* * * * * * *

"You missed a great pleasure in not going, Helen; the ride was splendid, and such a cozy, home retreat as Aunt Schulz has. You must know I enjoyed myself immensely, or I should never have prolonged my stay to a couple of weeks."

And graceful Katie Schulz tapped her daintily-booted foot upon the fender, and clasped and unclasped the gold circlet on her wrist, as she chatted with Helen Griffis.

That astute little girl had said nothing to her brother concerning Miss Schulz, since his little bit of masquerading two weeks ago, but something in his manner had led her to think that her little plan had not been entirely unsuccessful.

But her brother had not vouchsafed anything concerning it, and Miss Helen determined to let things take their own course.

"I gather 'charms in perspective,' you know," she said, "for I intend to take a trip in the country some time."

"What's that?" said a well-known musical voice. "Anything new?"

And easy, graceful, nonchalant John sauntered in.

"Ah! good morning, Miss Schulz. I have something of yours, if I mistake not."

And producing a white pocket-handkerchief, he crossed the room, and laid it in Miss Schulz's lap.

"You dropped it in an omnibus on your way to the station, two weeks ago. I was in the omnibus, and took the liberty of picking it up. I fear you may have experienced some inconvenience from its loss, in case you wished to carry on another flirtation with a strange gentleman."

He was so elaborately polite, so courteously cutting.

Miss Schulz grew red and white by turns and stammered something unintelligible, and tried to smile, but it died away under the stern disdain and contempt in John Griffis's eyes.

Try as she might, she knew the game was ended, and realized what she lost in not winning the love of the only man she ever cared for.

And crestfallen and abashed, but outwardly haughty still, Katie Schulz took her leave for ever from Griffis Place.

"Truly, Helen, it takes a woman to read a woman!" Mr. Griffis said, when he had told his sister the particulars of his masquerading.

And forthwith he proceeded to worship her more than ever, which was conclusive proof of his good sense.

THE WORD SALT.—Sir Lionel Playfair contributes to "Good Words" some of the reasons why the word "salt," as used in the Bible, often meant what is called petroleum nowadays. He says: "Many things become comprehensible if we take the generic term salt and apply it to petroleum and its residue, asphalt. Lot's wife, if converted into a pillar of common salt, would have been washed away by the first shower of rain; but a pillar of asphalt, even as a memorial of her, would have been an enduring monument and might have been seen by Josephus and his contemporary, Clement of Rome, both of whom declare they saw it. So, also, when we are told by Mark that 'every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt,' I see a meaning only when I recollect that, in regions containing petroleum, sacrificial fires were fed with this fuel to aid the burning. In like manner when Matthew likens the blessed first to salt and immediately afterward to a lighted torch (for candles, as translated, were then unknown), I see the connection in his mind. He had just said that salt which had lost its savor was only fit to be trodden under foot of men. Now salt never does lose its savor, and is never fit to be trodden under foot. But petroleum does lose its essence by exposure, and out of the residue the ancients used to make asphalt pavements, as they do at the present day."

HORSE FLESH.—According to the *Scientific American*, horse flesh is largely eaten in Alsace, Germany. The choice cuts are retailed for about eight cents per pound; the ordinary six cents. A large quantity is used in the manufacture of sausages. All horses are before and after being killed given a strict examination, and if found in any way diseased are rejected. In Strasburg the flesh of thirty horses is eaten every week.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42 Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

UNDER THE TREE.

The mince pie graceth the festive board,
Masking its juices rare;
And the mouth of our baby waters the while
He vieweth the treasure there.

The doctor smileth a wan, sad smile,
And heaveth a crocodile groan;
And the marble man goeth into his yard
And polisheth up a stone.

And the undertaker mournfully asks:
"What will his measure be?"
While the sexton labels a spot "reserved,"
Under the willow tree.

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

Cold and stiff—The ice crop.

Down-trodden—Shoe-leather.

A crying evil—A street-vender.

Wedding-belles—The bridesmaids.

When do one's teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? When they are chattering.

Every year adds to testimonials from use in Heart Disease of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price, $1.

A hand grenade has been invented that will put out a fire. One is wanted now that will put out a cat when thrown into the back yard.

Who Can Doubt the Fairness of the Henry College Lottery Drawing?

Read the Names of Some Lucky People who have Patronized this Company.

Ticket No. 78,623, $1,000, sold to S. A. Gaylord, St. Louis, Mo.; Ticket No. 70,928, $10,000, whole, sold to C. W. Smith, Hadam, Conn.; Ticket No. 57,074, $5,000, sold to J. C. Smith, Washington, D. C.; Ticket No. 2,289, $1,000, sold to Frank Frisby, Bismarck, Dakota; Ticket No. 82,462, $1,000, sold to Henry Lambkin, Lima, Ohio; Ticket No. 57,360, $1,000, sold to James E. Newman, Summit Point, W. Va.; Ticket No. 2,485, $1,000 sold to T. Solzman, 65 Jefferson St., Baltimore, Md.; Ticket No. 78,830, $30,000, whole, sold to Geo. Crocker and Eli. Railton, San Francisco, Cal.; Ticket No. 81,326, $1,000, sold to W. H. Leager, Denmark, Ohio; Ticket No. 87,253, $2,500, sold to E. M. Hawkins, Windsor, Mo.; Ticket No. 40,668, $2,500, sold to J. M. Trader, Dayton, Ohio; Ticket No. 60,740, $1,000, sold to A. Botto, Cairo, Ill.; Ticket No. 18,212, $2,000, sold to E. D. Bauer, Kinsley, Kan.; Ticket No. 42,918, $2,500, sold to T. J. Martin, New Madrid, Mo.; Ticket No. 83,887, $1,000, sold to Mrs. W. A. Shook, Cowan, Tenn.; Ticket No. 84,102, $1,000; sold to A. A. Blaghart, Andrews, Ohio. Tickets only $2, each; halves, $1. 1,857 prizes, amounting to $155,400. Next drawing will take place in Covington, Ky., Thursday, April 24th. Address all orders for tickets to R. B. Spencer, Covington, Ky.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 196 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Warner Bros. Celebrated Coraline Corset. This Corset has been before the public but three years, but it has already reached the largest sale ever attained by any corset. Its merits are best proven by the fact that more than forty imitations have been put upon the market to sell upon the reputation of the Coraline.

Ask for Dr. Warner's Coraline Corset, and be sure the name "WARNER BROS." is on the box.

We also make the following corsets boned with Coraline: Health, Model Moulded, Nursing, Flexible Hip, Abdominal and Misses.

Price from $1 up.

FOR SALE BY LEADING MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE.

Avoid all imitations. Be sure our name is on the box.

WARNER BROS.,

353 BROADWAY - NEW YORK.

Humphreys' Homeopathic

Specific No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for

Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,

and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

150 Strawberries Only $1.00

25 plants each of Wilson, Crescent, Cumberland, Bidwell, Downing, and Sharpless; each kind labeled and tied separate, book telling how to grow all kinds of Fruits, Flowers, etc.; also how to destroy all insects that trouble them, sent free with every order. Book sent by mail, postage paid, without plants, for 25 cents. F. W. WELD, Nurseryman, Jamestown, N. Y.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of delicious sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

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New Publications.

"Not Like Other Girls" is a title not like other titles, heading a most interesting novel by Rosa Nouchette Carey, who has written some works deservedly popular. It is a bright and pleasant love story full of good life pictures, and lively dialogue. Priscilla Challoner who enjoys the somewhat odd distinction of differing from the majority of her sex is sufficiently interesting to well repay the readers who wish to learn for themselves wherein this distinction consists. Paper covers. Price 25 cents. Lippincott & Co. Publishers.

Those who have read "The Colonel's Daughter" from the pen of Charles King U.S.A., will hear with pleasure of his latest publication, "Kitty's Conquest." The story selects America for its stage, and the incidents related are founded mainly on fact. Kitty Carrington a Southern girl is the heroine, who is full of the spirit of 1864 and thereabouts, while the hero is a young gentlemen who fought upon the other side. Her "conquest" is in winning the laurels of wifehood in the battle of love. The story as a whole is most readable. Adventure, love, romance and other ingredients are duly furnished and make a very agreeable combination. Is bound in blue and gold. Price $1,00. Published by Lippincott.

"Carola" by the well known English authoress Hesba Stretton is one of those stories that make one the better for reading them. The heroine is a girl brought up among the worst influences of London city life, without religion or proper training. By accident she learns the great truths of revelation, and henceforth tries to guide herself by the light they throw. She has many struggles and trials, but eventually receives her reward of happiness and love. This is but the moral of the tale, which is told in a forcible realistic and most entertaining way. The sentimental elements are not made obtrusive, so that those who read for excitement alone, will find enough of incident and character to well repay them. We can highly commend "Carola" as any and all possible reading grounds. Large print, fine paper, and well bound. Dodd, Mead,& Co. New York, Publishers. Price $1,25.

MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art which all who are fond of art in any form should subscribe for, presents its usual excellent array of matter in the current number. Among the articles, all of which are splendidly illustrated may be mentioned; "Smeraldo di Bandinelli" a full page picture; More about Algiers; Battle and Travel; Art in the Garden; "Bordens," full page; North West Passage; Pictures of Japan; Pens and Pencils; The Ionides Collection; The Country of Millet; The Bravo; The Chronicle of Art, etc., etc. Cassell & Co. Publisher, New York. 35 cents per number.

Among the many interesting matters in the April *St. Nicholas* is an account of the first ice-palace, that built by the express Anna Ivanovna of Russia, with an illustration; a pleasant summer sketch, called Fairy Lodge, by Mary A. Lathbury, illustrated by the author; a Historic Boy paper, by E. S. Brooks, giving the story of the boyhood of Henry V. of England; Louisa M. Alcott's third Spinning Wheel Story; How Benson got his appointment to the Naval Academy, by Rev. Chas. R. Talbot; Tsang Tsan and the Man-eater, which relates an amazing adventure that really happed to a young China boy; instalments of the serials by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, W. O. Stoddard and Mayne Reid, and many poems. Not the least attractive feature are the three prize drawings, selected from over nine hundred offered in competition. A full and interesting report of the same is given.

Five profusely illustrated articles and a biographical paper with two portraits lend unusual pictorial interest to the April *Century*. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Sidney Lanier at the age of 15, and with the text of Dr. William Hayes Ward's essay on Sidney Lanier, Poet, is also printed a portrait of the poet in mature age. The illustrated articles are: The White House, by E. V. Smalley; Notes on the Exile and Dante, by Sarah Freeman Clarke; The New York City Hall, by Edward S. Wilde; Among the Magdalen Islands, by S. G. W. Benjamin; and Progress in Fish Culture, by Fred. Mather. Among the unillustrated papers are: How Wilkes Booth Crossed the Potomac, by George Alfred Townsend; Uncle Tom Without a Cabin, by Walter B. Hill; New Zealand in Blooming December, by Miss Gordon-Cumming; and The Destiny of the Universe, by Prof. Samuel Willard. The fiction comprises instalments of Mr. Cable's Dr. Sevier, and Robert Grant's, An Average Man, and a short story in Negro dialect by Thomas Nelson Page. There are several poems, and the departments 'Topics of the Time; Open Letters; and Brica-Brac, is entirely made up of clever and amusing verse.

The Sanatarian for April contains the following excellent articles: Art and Science of Sanitation; Suggestions upon the Food of Arctic Explorers; Typhoid Fever in the Cities of the United States; Milk Food; House Sanitation; U. S. Marine Hospital Service and Quarantine; Sewerage of Sacramento, Cal.; Trichinsphobia; Food Consumption of the Flesh of Diseased Animals; Ohio State Sanitary Association Proceedings; Indiana State Sanitary Society Proceedings; Missouri State Board of Health; Boston's Improved Sewerage; Morality in the Army and Navy of France; Prevention of Puerperal Fever; The Hydra; Editor's Table, and the various departments. It is a magazine which should be read by all interested in health matters. 113 Fulton St. New York.

Facetiæ.

Invariably exacting men—Retired actors.

A summer resort—The ice-cream factory.

Masters of freehand-drawing—Pickpockets.

What part of grammar is remorse—Syntax.

The way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters, is to take a "better half."

The generous give according to their means; others give according to their meanness.

An Illinois philanthropist has willed his corpse to a medical school. That is a dead give away.

An Iowa paper anxiously asks: "What is money?" Another Iowa paper responds: "Don't know."

Don't let your physician flatter you on Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator always cures.

Proverbs are all very nice, but the declaration that "Perseverance wins success," so often quoted, will never convince us that a cow can climb a tree if she perseveres in the attempt forever.

THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

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☞ MR. KESLING, an old farmer, near *Warsaw, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

☞ MRS. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, it having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

☞ DR. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

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Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
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Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
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The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
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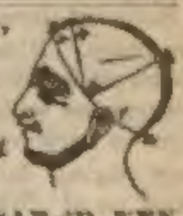

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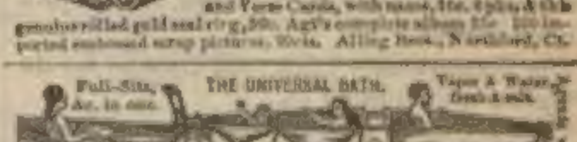

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE brocade epidemic has reached the parasols this Spring, and must be chronicled as the newest feature in that department.

The sunshades that will partially guard delicate blondes and dashing brunettes from the two ardent rays of old Sol at watering places next July and August are gayer and absolutely prettier than anything of the sort yet seen.

The pale satins, brocaded with pink rosebuds, red moss roses, purple convolvulus, yellow pansies lined with bright red, pale blue, pale pink, pale green, and finished with a deep valance of white Spanish, Oriental, or other lace, are charmingly suggestive of Watteau shepherdesses.

For daintiness, for delightful coloring, they could not be improved upon. Their bamboo or olive-wood handles are quite simple, usually knotted, and smaller and lighter, as a rule, than last year.

A bow of ribbon, catching the lining, is also attached to the top of the parasol.

Ranking equally among the high novelties are sunshades of dark velvet embossed satin. The velvet figures are large, almost cover the ground.

Thus the effect of the parasol is quite the reverse of summery. Nevertheless it is handsome.

One, a dark olive green, showed itself in a Victoria in the park this past week; it was crossed with a costume of dark green satin and embossed velvet, short mantle to match; bonnet of olive green straw, with bunch of grasses and thistles of various tints of green, yellow and brown in front. We also noticed a dark maroon velvet embossed parasol.

Other parasols that can be used in a carriage are of bright red satin brocaded with butterflies or humming birds.

Some of these have lace valances, others are plain. Black satin parasols, with light wood sticks, are lined frequently with red, sometimes with pale blue or pink, have a double row of lace, a deep black Spanish lace edging falling over a row of red or of blue, or of pink Spanish lace, according as the color or the lining may be.

Women who have not grown tired of the jet embroideries on net will doubtless admire the parasols of this description also; same over black satin, same over red.

There are quite a number of white lace parasols over silk—not made of flounces as last year, but of lace in the piece—and they are beautiful, as always; there being nothing prettier to carry with a white dress of a hot summer day.

Striped satin umbrellas, in two boldly contrasted colors, plaid, and with simple handles, are shown in the shops, and are useful in that they "go" about equally as well with all kinds of costumes.

They are the least pretty of any of the new sunshades, however.

There is still another style of which not many examples are seen, and which is rather odd, but not lovely.

Rows of a sort of grass fringe, dark green or dark red, are set upon a frame smaller and flatter than that which is the rule with other new parasols (which are extremely large).

A knot of ribbon, red against the green, gold-colored against the red, is fastened to the top of the bamboo stick.

This is what the French call a "fantaisie," the sort of thing that a woman who spends a good deal of money on her wardrobe, and has plenty of changes, can buy to carry now and then, perhaps, with certain costumes, and at certain times, but a poor investment for one whose purchases, besides being limited in number, are expected to run a more or less prolonged career.

The portentously high hat crowns we do not grow accustomed to.

They are mere caricatures, many of them, and will give any but the tallest woman a top-heavy appearance.

The hats with ordinary high, square crowns are the prettiest and most distingue by far of the new shapes. Those with the brim two inches wide in the front, and narrowing fully an inch behind, are in very good taste.

Likewise those of similar shapes which are tipped up a trifle all round; and again the high, square crowned shape with a brim rolled up slightly on the left side, and otherwise straight.

Dunstables and chip hold the foremost rank among the straws, and the favorite colors are, by all odds, grays and Suedes. Next come various pale greens, also some dark greens.

The following list will give an idea of the prevailing modes of trimmings: High square-crowned yellow Dunstable, red velvet facing, brim two inches broad, curved up on left side, strap of red velvet around the crown, row of round gold beads through centre of strap, three short feathers on front, curving outward, the feathers red, tipped with pinkish gray.

Very high pointed crowned gray chip; three rows of grayish guipure, the pattern lightly outlined with gray thread laid over crown and caught down with gold pins; four short grayish brown feathers in front.

Dark brown English straw, square high crown, brim curved up on left; brown velvet lining finished on edge with tiny gold braid; roll of brown velvet loosely twisted about crown, two gold ornaments on right side holding the velvet on left side two long brown feathers.

Black English straw, straight brim, high pointed crown; two straps of black velvet around crown; facing to match; clusters of four short black feathers on front; large black aigrette.

Black straw hat, shaped like a small poke, with crown of medium height and downward shelving brim; band of geranium red velvet finishing in long flat knot of the same in front.

Light Suede straw, trimming of velvet the same color, satin ribbon to match around the high square crown; large cocarde of velvet and ribbon on right side; on left elaborately embroidered scarf of crepe de chine, with deep embroidered border, twisted and bunched and caught with numerous gilt pins.

Light olive green straw, velvet lining to match; two rows of very narrow gold galloon on edge of brim; twist of velvet and two rows of gold lace around crown; in front bouquet of variegated yellow, brown and green grasses mixt with gilt acorns.

In bonnets these are typical: Capote of black net thickly embroidered in relief, with large leaves in Autumn real tints; stripes of geranium red velvet and satin; on front bouquet of red velvet chrysanthemums and yellow velvet buttercups.

Capote of gold colored net, with full crown gathered up in the centre under a Rhinestone crescent; on front bunch of velvet buttercups, and in the middle of the same two humming birds with their tails standing straight up, yellow velvet ribbon passed across front of crown and descending against the sides to form strings.

Capote of Suede chip, ottoman ribbon, one inch and a half wide, across the top of crown in the back, and forming strings; close row of oblong bronze gilt beads on edge; smooth feathers pompons in various shades of Suede and yellow, powdered with pearl drops and aigrettes to match, on front.

Capote of black net, full crown, diadem of fine white hawthorn blossoms, strings of black net dotted with white—very pretty for light half-mourning.

Capote of gold net covered with gold spangles, front of geranium red velvet, cocarde and strings to correspond, full red aigrettes, shading into yellow, starting from midst of the cocarde.

Bonnet of Persian tissue, roll of deep red velvet, caught with long gold pins, brim of velvet, shaded velvet flowers and leaves on front, in mixed yellow, reds and brown.

Fireside Chat.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GERMAN COOKERY.

THIS is the German rendering of the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

The proverbs of a country are said to be characteristic of its people, but we should certainly do the Germans a great injustice if we took this one literally, for they are particularly fond of "birds in the air," though they are by no means indifferent to them on dishes.

As a matter of fact, the Germans are large eaters, especially in some parts of Germany.

I have often been astonished at a table d'hote to see the quantity of meat consumed.

When a German girl leaves school her domestic education commences. Girls learn to weave in most parts of Germany; they also go regularly into the kitchen, and go through all the routine of the work, the management of the stove, cleaning pots and pans, and everything.

A German lady told me that when she was learning she even had to kill the pigeons and poultry; the result of this training is that they are good cooks and thrifty managers.

German girls generally marry at an earlier age than English girls.

When married, the greater part of each morning is spent in the kitchen.

It is very seldom that the cooking of the dinner in a middle-class household is not personally superintended by the mistress. The dinner hour varies in different parts of Germany from one to three o'clock; it is the meal of the day.

The supper is not so heavy.

I should be sorry to say anything against girls being domesticated, but when I am in Germany one thing always strikes me very forcibly—that is that the German ladies do so much more than they need in their homes.

They seem to lack what I consider a greater gift than the ability to do things themselves—that is, the capability of directing and teaching others.

It is no doubt a very excellent thing for girls to learn cooking practically, but, having learnt themselves, they should next study how to impart their knowledge to others.

There is no reason why a lady whose income enables her to keep servants should spend her time in cooking.

If she learn very thoroughly herself, she will find that most servants will be able to follow her directions.

When I hear anyone say, "I was obliged to make it myself, my servant is so stupid," I am inclined to wonder whether the fault has not been in the careless impatient way in which the directions have been given.

I admit it is often less trouble to do a thing oneself, but my young readers must not loose sight of the fact that in teaching another they are conferring a benefit, and also leaving themselves more time for the cultivation of their minds.

I know a German family where the husband, a well read man, plays and sings, and entertains his friends.

The wife is a woman of fair ability, but her accomplishments are somewhat less than when she left school, her time since having been devoted entirely to household matters; her whole conversation is of domestic affairs.

Her husband has a good housekeeper certainly, but no companion.

This I can assure my readers is not at all an exceptional case in Germany.

Throughout Germany the markets are very good.

Ladies do their own marketing, taking a servant with them to carry home the provisions.

As in France, the vegetables and fruits are prepared for use; even apples can be bought ready chopped.

Certainly poultry is often brought to market alive.

I must say I found myself at fault once when I was shown some chickens in a coop, and asked which I would have. It requires experience to judge of fowls in their feathers.

With regard to the arrangements for dinner, I have frequently found Germans much more fertile in expedients than American people.

I will give you an instance. I was traveling with a friend, and we were caught in a thunderstorm on the Loweuberg (one of the "Seven Mountains").

There is a little inn on the way up, at which we found shelter; and, as we were likely to be detained some hours, and had walked ten miles, we asked for dinner.

The host said they had nothing in the house but some cold stewed beef, but they would do their best.

The dinner was very original.

In twenty minutes the host announced that the soup was served.

We were somewhat surprised to find, when the cover was removed, a tureen of new milk, cold.

This was served in soup plates, and grated black bread (rye bread) was handed with it.

The next course was a salad of cold potatoes, then followed some stewed beef, then thin slices of black bread with cheese, and to finish large plates of delicious wild strawberries and milk.

We did full justice to our dinner, and I do not know that I have often found things more refreshing than that milk soup. A German proverb says "hunger makes raw beans into almonds." As a contrast, here is a copy of the bill of fare of a dinner ordered for two at a German hotel:—

Clear soup, with cheese.
Craw-fish and black bread and butter.
Fillets of beef, with Maderia.
Red cabbage, stewed apples, mashed potatoes, cutlets of fresh pork.
Cold tongue.
Eels in asparagus jelly.
Hashed venison.
Rice and young chickens, with Perigord sauce.
Preserves, salad and fruit ices.

The English and Russians are dinner-giving people, the Germans are not; they do not, therefore, require the same accommodation in their kitchen that we do. They can do with a much smaller one, at the same time, I think their kitchens are much better arranged than ours.

The cooking utensils, which are chiefly bright, are kept in better order than most American houses, and with less labor. The kitchen itself is also better kept.

The German living differs so essentially that without a good many recipes my readers will not be able to understand the difference; but I will first name a few things that we are not accustomed to see—I think the most striking and the most disagreeable is the raw ham.

A friend who was with me in Germany ordered some cold ham for her breakfast one morning. I never shall forget her look when she had put a piece in her mouth, or her horrified exclamation of, "It's raw!" Of course she scolded the waiter, and said she wanted cooked ham, but he gravely replied that ham was quite spoilt by being cooked. Herrings are pickled and eaten without being cooked. I will give the recipe, in case any reader likes to try them; they are served between the courses at dinner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

ESTELLA.—If he is respectable, you may gradually give him to understand that he is not an object of indifference to you.

POOR.—Men should be the wooers, not women. You had better regard your friends' opinion on the subject, and save yourself future mortification.

W. S. E.—A physician would be the proper person to apply to in your case. Perhaps he could remove it for you. At any rate, he could tell you what course to pursue in regard to it.

SAD.—We are always willing to be useful to our correspondents, but you must write frankly and fully. You need not send either your name or address; it is not of the slightest consequence to us to know either.

X.—If you have now discovered that the young lady has been accustomed to correspond with a gentleman whom you may justly look upon as a rival in her affections, your best course would be to break off the engagement altogether.

J. D.—A lady twenty-four years old ought to be able to judge whether the circumstances of the case would warrant a cousin's husband in kissing her. As a rule, the privileges of a cousin by marriage are very limited in such matters.

BELLE. — Peacocks were originally brought from India. They are sometimes found in a wild state in many parts of Asia and Africa. The largest and finest are to be found in the neighborhood of the Ganges, and on the fertile plains of India.

JINGO.—Patrick O'Brien, the giant, was nearly nine feet high. He exhibited for the last time in 1851. In the region of Charles II. a human skeleton was found in the vault of the Evelyn family in England, which measured nine feet three inches.

CURIOUS.—(1) It is quite impossible for us to say whether the gentleman cares for the lady or not; probably he is only amusing himself at her expense. (2) It is entirely a matter of opinion. (3) Our space will not admit of answers to questions on this subject.

DARLING. — Lemon-scented geranium, "unexpected meeting;" horseshoe geranium, "stupidity;" double red geranium, "comfort;" sweet-pea, "appointment;" violet (white), "modesty;" violet (blue), "candor;" sunflower, "adoration;" white lily, "purity."

W. K. B.—The propounder of craniology or phrenology, was Dr. Gall, a German physican, born in 1785, and his first observations were among his schoolfellows. Afterwards he studied the heads of criminals and others, and eventually reduced his ideas to a system. His researches led to increased study of the brain.

AMELIA.—There is quite a circle of literature of which the rose is the centre, had we space to give it to you; but amongst the ancients it was "the flower of Venus;" and was dedicated to Harpocrates the god of silence, by Cupid. And you must remember that in the inspired writings our Lord is called "the Rose of Sharon."

HOPE.—The "Rogation" days are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday preceding Ascension Day. The word "Rogation" is from the Latin and means Litany; the Greek Litanels and the Latin Rogatio mean the same. In Rogation week, or "Gang" week, a procession was made round country parishes abroad to mark their respective boundaries.

JUNIUS.—You ought to be thankful that you discovered the unmistakable character of the young woman's affections before it was too late to escape marriage with her. On reflection you will scarcely wish to expose yourself to the ridicule which is always heaped upon a man who sues a woman for breach of promise. Take a common sense view of the case.

LOUIE.—The passage occurs in "As You Like It," Act II., Scene I, and reads as follows:—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

B. S.—We can only say to you that, by your own account, you have acted dishonorably in the matter. If you really love the young lady, and have as good prospects as you state, you must be very mean-spirited and selfish if you are not willing to submit to some privations for her sake; but if your letter does not make you appear worse than you really are, it would be a misfortune for an intelligent and capable young lady to marry you.

P. C.—The late Sir Charles Siemons was the most distinguished electrician in Europe. He was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, but had resided in London nearly forty years. His most noteworthy achievements in electrical science were in telegraph engineering, particularly in relation to ocean cables, and in electric lighting. He also acquired distinction in several other fields of scientific research, notably in the manufacture of iron and steel. He was President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last year.

ANNETTE.—(1) It is certainly wrong to encourage persons who profess to do so, because they are impostors who obtain money under false pretences. (2) Very improper, unless they are old or very intimate friends. (3) We can only advise you to leave them to grow; nails that have been bitten seldom grow; those that have been properly cut. The extremities of the eyelashes should be clipped with scissors every six weeks; and they will not only be preserved, but will also increase in length and strength, and assume the curve so becoming to a beautiful pair of eyes.

BOW BELLS.—1. An eminent surgeon, says, "The easiest way to get rid of warts is to pare off the thickened skin which covers the prominent wart; cut it off by successive layers; shave it till you draw blood in two or three places. When you have thus denuded the surface of the skin, rub the part thoroughly over with lunar caustic, and one effective operation of this kind will generally destroy the wart. If not, you cut off the black spot which has been occasioned by the caustic, and apply it again or you may apply acetic acid, and thus you will get rid of it." In England the country people adopt a less painful method. The practice is to secretly obtain a very small piece of beef and rub the wart with it, then bury it in the ground; and ancient country dames allege stoutly that the wart is by this means slowly charmed away. 2. You had better not interfere with the mole.